The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 21. NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1860. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

IS PUBLISHED AT

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE

AT

ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE

$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

[illegible]

NO PUFFING

[illegible]

N. B. [illegible] HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor of The N. Y. Saturday Press, No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

[From Once a Week, May 12th.]

NOMENOE.*

Lately rendered from the Breton,

BY

TOM TAYLOR.

FYTTE I.

"The herb of gold† is cut; a cloud
Across the sky hath spread its shroud
To war!
The storm-wrecks gather, grim and grey,"
Quoth the great chief Mount Arc
"These three weeks past so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul
So thick, that I no ways can see
My son returning unto me
Good merchant, later to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karo?"

Mayhap, old chieftain of Arc;
But what his kind and calling say?
He is a man of heart and brains,
To Rozazu‡ he drove the wains;
The wains to Rozazu drove he,
Horsed with good horses, three by three,
That drew fair-shared among them all,
The Breton's tribute to the Gaul."

"If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
He will return to thee no more.
When that the coin was brought to scale,
Three pounds were lacking to the tale.
Then outspake the Intendant straight:
'Vassal, thy head shall make the weight!'
With that his sword forth he abrade,
And straight smote off the young man's head;
And by the hair the head he swung,
And in the scale, for make-weight, flung."

The old chief at that cruel sound,
Him seemed as he would fall in swound.
Stark on the rocks he grovelled there—
His face hid with his hoary hair;
And, head on hand, made heavy moan:
"Karo, my son—my darling son!"

FYTTE II.

Then forth he fares, that aged man,
And after him his kith and clan;
The aged chieftain faceth straight
Unto Nomenoe's castle-gate.
"Now, tell me, tell me, thou porter bold,
If that thy master be in hold?"
"But, be he in, or be he out,
God guard from harm that chieftain stout!"
Or ever he had prayed his prayer,
Behold, Nomenoe was there!

His quarry from the chase he bore,
His great hounds gambolling before:
In his right hand his bow unbent;
A wild-boar on his back upbent.
On his white hand, all fresh and red,
The blood dripped from the wild-boar's head.
"Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
Thee first, as chief, thou white-haired man.
Your news, your news, come tell to me:
What would you of Nomenoe?"
"We come for right: to know, in brief,
Hath Heaven a God,—Bretayne a chief?"
"Heaven *hath* a God, I trow, old man;
Bretayne a chief, if ought I can."
"He can that will, thereof no doubt,
And he that can the Frank drives out.
Drives out the Frank, defends the land,
To avenge, and still avenge, digh stand:
To avenge the living and the dead.
Me and my fair son foully sped;
My Karo, whose brave head did fall
By hand of the accursed Gaul.
They flung his head the weights to square;
Like ripe wheat shone the golden hair."
Therewith the old man wept outright,
That tears ran down his beard so white,
Like dew-drops on the lily flower,
That glitter at the sunrise hour
When of those tears the chief was aware,
A stern and bloody oath he swore:
"I swear it, by this wild-boar's head,
And by the shaft that laid him dead,
"Till this plague's washed from out the land,
This blood I wash not off my hand!"

FYTTE III.

Nomenoe hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now;
Hath sought the sea-beach, sack in hand,
To gather pebbles from the strand
Pebbles as tribute toll to bring
The Intendant of the sable-head king
Nomenoe hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now
Prince as he is, hath taken his way,
The tribute toll himself to pay
"Fling wide the gates of Rozazu,
That I may enter in, anon.
"Nomenoe comes within your gate,
His wains all piled with silver freight."
"Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall.
"Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the dais-room:
"To sup, but first to wash, for lo!
Even now the washing-horn they blow."
"Full soon, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hath been weighed."
The first sack from the wains they pight—
(I trow 'twas corded fair and tight)
The first sack that they brought to scale,
'Twas found full weight and honest tale:
The second sack that they came to,
The weight therein was just and true;
The third sack from the wains they pight—
"How now! I trow this sack is light!"
The Intendant saw, and from his stand
Unto the sack he raught his hand—
He raught his hand the cords unto,
That so their knots he might undo.
"From off the sack thy hand refrain;
My sword shall cut the knot in twain!"
The word had scantly passed his teeth,
When flashed his bright sword from the sheath—
Through the Frank's neck the falchion went,
Shear by his shoulders as he bent;
It cleft the flesh and bones in twain,
And eke the links o' one balance-chain;
Into the scale the head plumped straight,
And there, I trow, was honest weight!
Loud through the town the cry did go:
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Haro!"
He gallops forth out through the night;
"Ho! torches, torches—on his flight!"
"Light up, light up! as best ye may,
The night is black, and frore the way.
"But ere ye catch me, sure I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear—
"The shoon of the gilded blue cordwain;
For your scales—you'll ne'er need them again.
"Your scales of gold you will need no more,
To weigh the stones of the Breton shore!
To war!"

* Nomenoe was the Alfred of the Bretons, their deliverer from the Franks under Charles the Bald, in the 9th century (A. D. 843). He is a strictly historical personage. Under him the Bretons successfully in driving the ruinously superior force of the Franks beyond the rivers of Vilaine and Oust, pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invader the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which have remained included in Brittany from the date of their deliverance by Nomenoe. This very spirited ballad was obtained by M. de Villemarque, from the oral recitation of a peasant of Kergerecy. As in my other translations of Breton ballads, I have adhered to the metre and couplets of the original, line for line.—Tom Taylor.

† The "herb of gold" is the mystic selage. According to Breton superstition, iron cannot approach it without the sky clouding, and disaster following.

‡ The Breton name of Rennes.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

FRAGMENTS FROM THE TABLE OF AN INTELLECTUAL EPICURE.

BY ALL SOULS.

A book or a discourse that appeals only to one faculty of the mind, as to the reason, the memory, the fancy, does not at all compare in effect and in general benefit, to that which appeals to two or more faculties. To properly air and ventilate a room, and get up a draught, we must needs have more than one window open. It is the same with the mind: more than one faculty must be appealed to; and the farther removed they are from each other, and the nearer opposite in their nature and tendencies, the more pleasure and benefit we experience.

A book that addresses itself at once to the imagination and the common sense, like a day that kisses the branches and penetrates to the roots of the tree, is the best. Such are the works of the great masters, Plato, Shakspeare, Carlyle, Emerson. What a current of thought they beget in the mind! What free communion with the outdoors of the Universe!

°°°

Could a man who had no skin know either the pleasures or pains of the itch? Can a mole know how bright and beautiful the day is?

For a thing to appear heavy to us, it is necessary that we have heft to balance against it; to appear strong, it is necessary that we have strength; to appear great, it is necessary that we have an idea of greatness. We must have a standard to measure by, and that standard must be in ourselves. An ignorant peasant cannot know that Bacon is so wise. To duly appreciate genius, you must have genius; a pigmy cannot measure the strength of a giant. The faculty that reads and admires, is the green undeveloped state of the faculty that writes and creates.

A book, a principle, an individual, a landscape, or any object in nature, to be understood and appreciated, must answer to something within us; appreciation is the first step toward interpreting a revelation.

°°°

To feel terribly beaten is a good sign; the more resources a man is conscious of, the deeper he will feel his defeat. But to feel unusually elated at a victory, indicates that our strength did not warrant it, that we had gone beyond our resources. The boy who went crowing all day through the street on having killed a squirrel with a stone, showed plain enough that it was not a general average of his throwing, and that he was not in the habit of doing so well; while the rifleman picks the hawk from the distant tree without remark or comment, and feels vexed if he miss.

°°°

A principle of absolute truth, pointed with fact, and feathered with fancy, and shot from the bow-string of a master intellect, is one of the most potent things under the sun. It sings like a bird of peace to those who are not the objects of its aim, but woe, woe, to him who is the butt of such terrible archery!

°°°

Every age will have its genius as sure as every valley will have its creek; and as the size and velocity of the creek depends principally upon the grade and scope of the valley, so the character and tendency of a man's genius, is owing chiefly to the condition of the times amid which he lives. If you ask, is it the man that makes the times, or the times that makes the man, we answer by asking, is it the creek that makes the valley, or the valley that makes the creek?

°°°

A writer usually impresses only his strongest traits upon his book; as sunlight passing through colored glass, only takes the deepest colors with it to the floor But the general spirit of the work should be as free from any scarlet prejudices or peculiarities in the author, as the light that fills the church, is free from the deep stains of the windows through which it entered; it may be mellowed and softened, but must not be streaked and checked. Or, to use a different illustration, we eat a dinner, not for the spices and sauces, but for the substantial elements, which these are only to flavor and render more palatable; so we read (that is, all healthy minds do) an author for the general truth he imparts, and not for his personal whims and conceits; these, rightly used, give edge and character to the more solid parts, but spoil all, if made the chief element in the repast. Montaigne's egotism, which greater egotists have so condemned, is the most delightful in the world; and, with the broad wholesome truths that underlie it, is exceedingly pleasant to take.

°°°

Dr. Johnson's periods act like a lever of the third kind; the power applied always exceeds the weight raised; or perhaps we might say his sentences lap over and act and react upon each other like a compound lever invented.

°°°

Destiny is the force of gravity appearing in morals.

°°°

How little of what the world really feels and experiences is set down in books. The sentiments that are expressed in words bear about the same proportion to those that pulsate free and undefined through the great heart of Humanity, as the air that is coined into musical sounds by the players and singers does to the great currents of atmosphere that sigh and moan over the earth.

°°°

An angry man shows any blemish or barbarous element there may be in his nature, as a boar shows his scurfy hide when he bristles up, if he happen to have a scurfy hide. The passions do not shingle a man over, as feathers do the bird, shedding the rain and often the shot from the sportsman's gun, but they stand straight out like the quills of a porcupine, and admit the sight to pass directly in. You cannot approach an angry man without being pricked. He cannot take a joke; nothing will glance off, but everything sticks fast. Most of the other passions have a like tendency to reveal a man's true character. Take love for instance. A man who is really in love can keep no secret from you if you know how to approach him on this side; this is the vulnerable point. You may unravel him as easy as a boy does a stocking-leg, if you begin here. This point of view for the time being, commands every secret of his nature. It is the hub of his wheel, and all the parts are controlled by it. The same is true of avarice and ambition. If you would see a man full in the face, approach him from the direction his face is turned; from any other point you have but a partial and an imperfect view.

°°°

I believe large continents are not apt to have rugged abrupt shores, but on the contrary, are open and easy of access. The land, having so long a journey to perform, takes up its skirts and marches off gradually, rising and enlarging as it goes. The same is true of great men. None are so accessible and can be approach, with so little ceremony. Being broad and generous, and deeply-anchored in themselves, they need not a precipitous and an imposing front to compensate for deficiencies back of it, but can come down to a humble and an unpretending level, with heights in the in the background that seem like pillars of the eternal skies.

°°°

The style of some authors, like the manners of some men, is so naked, so artificial, has so little character at the bottom of it, that it is constantly intruding itself upon your notice, and seems to lie there like a huge marble counter, from behind which they vend only pins and needles; whereas the true function of style is as a means and not as an end,—to concentrate the attention upon the thought which it bears, and not upon itself,—to be so apt, natural, and easy, and so in keeping with the character of the author, that, like the comb in the hive, it shall seem the result of that which it contains, and to exist, for its sake alone.

°°°

A clean, well-laid pun, is no contemptible species of wit; but this cramping, distorting, and unjointing the syllables of a word (a la N. P. W.), until, in its tortures, it confesses to a lie, is a species of inquisition that ought to be forever banished from the Republic of Letters.

°°°

The ancients were right in connecting the idea of motion with harmony and music, and even with the act of creation itself.

Motion is the great equalizer and balance-keeper. The schoolboy will twirl his book on the end of his pencil without being at all particular about the centre of gravity; and it makes no difference, where he starts his top, whether its axis be perpendicular or aslant, or whether it wabble or run, true; its own motion soon corrects all aberrance, and brings it under the law of the spheres. Motion will keep a drunken man on his feet when he would collapse were he to assume the posture of the trees. The primary colors, painted upon a wheel, may, by motion, be blended into a perfect white.

Active duty hides and heals many defects in a man's character; harmonizes many disproportions, smoothes down the too-salient points, takes off here and puts on there, and rounds up and fills out. Astronomers tell us, that the rings of Saturn are very irregular in surface and unequal in thickness, but that their motion equalizes and balances them: so in life; action reconciles and organizes the discordant elements, and keeps up the order and rhythm of things. We look upon the recent idea, which is becoming quite prevalent among men of science, that motion is the primary and normal condition of all matter, and rest the temporary accidental condition, in opposition to the old belief that rest is the primary state, as a great advance in scientific generalization, and as indicating that science is beginning to look beyond accident and detail, to law and unity, beyond appearance to a higher reality.

How far motion is connected with the law of creation, or metamorphosis, is hard to define; yet consider that all growth is motion, and all death is rest; that the earth, by countless revolutions, has grown up from chaos, as the potter's wheel from clay, to its present state of geological development; that festering pools become pure, limpid water by motion; that iron acquires new properties in the use; that the health and strength of the system is preserved by exercise; and that from motion spring the law and harmony of the universe.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

EPHEMERA.

I heard these words as I passed him:
'The River of Life,' quoth he.
He was old, and he spake as in terror;
For, if he had sailed down that River,
His shallop was near the sea!

But I, in my heart replying
To the words this old man said,
I cried: 'He speaketh a folly
'Who likens Life to a River!'
He halted, and turned his head.

I cried: 'Life is *not* a River!
'For the River ebbs and flows;
'And the leaf that it floated seaward
'At morn,—lo! the flood-tide flingeth
'On the flower-bank where it rose!'

'What waif of Life, that hath floated
'To the Gulf without a name,
'From the margin of Time-old greybeard,
'Met ever a wave returning,
'To render it whence it came?'

But the old man smiled, as he trembled,
And 'The River of Life'—he said,
And lifted his withered finger
And pointed, where, into the ocean
The sunset heaven still bled;

And it seemed as a thirst and a terror
Were at strife in this old man's soul;
And he murmured: 'The waves of that River
'Are the flood, that, forever backward
'The waifs of this Life shall roll!'

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Philadelphia.

— Mr. Murray, London, announces a new work by Mr. George Borrow, under the title of 'The Sleeping Bard; or, Visions of the World, Death, and Hell, translated from the Cambrian British of Elis Wyn.'

— Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, have, it is said, engaged Mr. W. H. Russell, the Crimean Correspondent of the *Times*, to contribute the article 'Wellington' to an approaching volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

We wept when we saw in the meadow
The last sad aster die—
And sunward again with its swallows
The shivering Summer fly.

"O little children, the Summer
Must vanish, for seasons change:
In the Autumn, the birds of passage
To warmer lands must range."

O love, that would not tell us,
That whenever Summer departs,
She takes the birds and blossoms,
And leaves the dust in our hearts!

W. D. HOWELLS.

(Translated for The New York Saturday Press.)

AN EPISODE DURING THE TERROR.

BY

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

To Mr. Governeur Morvelle:

Must I not, my dear old patron, explain to those who are curious to know everything, where I could have learned enough business to conduct the affairs of my little world, and consecrate here the memory of the amiable and witty man, who said to Scribe, another amateur-clerk, meeting him in a ball-room: "Go to your studies: I assure you there is still work for you there;"—but do you need this public testimony, to be sure of the affection of the author?

De Balzac.

On the 22d of January 1793, about eight in the evening, an old lady in Paris, was descending the rapid declivity which ends before the church of Saint Laurent, in the Faubourg Saint Martin. It had snowed so much during the day, that her footsteps were scarcely audible. The streets were deserted. The natural fear caused by the silence, was heightened by the reign of terror which at that time made all France tremble: the old lady had as yet met no one: and her eyesight, which had long been weak, prevented her seeing in the distance, by the glare of the lamps, a few passers-by scattered like shadows in the immense space of the Faubourg. Alone, she went courageously across this solitude, as though her age were a talisman which should preserve her from all danger. When she had passed Morts street, she thought she could hear the heavy and firm step of a man who was walking behind her. She imagined that this was not the first time she had heard this step; she feared she had been followed, and tried to walk faster, so as to reach some well-lighted shop, hoping to be able with the aid of its light to verify her suspicions. As soon as she found herself in the bright rays which shone from a shop window, she quickly turned her head, and in the fog saw a human figure; this indistinct sight was enough: she staggered, but only for a moment, under the weight of the terror which overwhelmed her, for she no longer doubted that she had been followed by the unknown from the first step she made out of her house, and the desire to escape from a spy gave her strength. Incapable of reasoning, she increased her speed, as though she could escape from a man who was necessarily more agile than she was. After hastening thus a few moments, she came to a pastry-shop, entered, and fell rather than sat, upon a chair placed in front of the counter. As she turned the latch of the door, a young woman engaged in embroidering, raised her eyes, recognized through the glass of the door the violet-colored silk mantilla of an old-fashioned cut, in which the old lady was wrapped, and hastened to open a drawer, as though to take from it something she had to give the new comer. Not only the gesture and the face of the young woman expressed the desire to rid herself quickly of the stranger, as though she was a person whom it was no pleasure to see, but on finding the drawer empty she also allowed an expression of impatience to escape her; then without looking at the lady, she went out quickly from behind the counter, toward the back shop, and called her husband, who instantly appeared.

"Where have you put—?" she asked mysteriously, designating the old lady with a glance, and leaving her question unfinished.

Though the pastryman could see only the immense black-silk bonnet, trimmed with bows of violet ribbon, which served as a head-dress to the new comer, he disappeared after giving his wife a look which expressed "Do you think I would leave that behind your counter?"

Astonished at the old lady's silence and immobility, the young woman returned toward her, and looking at her, felt a movement of compassion, or perhaps of curiosity. Though the old lady's complexion was naturally pale, like that of a person devoted to secret austerities, it was easy to see that some recent emotion had made her extraordinarily wan. Her head-dress was so arranged as to conceal her hair, doubtless blanched by age; since the cleanness of her collar and her dress showed that she used no powder. This want of ornament made her face assume a sort of religious severity. Her features were grave and haughty. At that time the manners and customs of people of quality were so different from those of persons belonging to the other classes, that a person of noble birth was easily recognized: therefore the young woman was certain that the unknown was, a used-to-be, and that she had belonged to the court.

"Madame," she said involuntarily and with respect, forgetting that this title was proscribed.

The old lady did not answer. She kept her eyes fixed upon the glass-door of the shop, as though some frightful object were depicted there.

"What is the matter, citizeness?" said the master of the shop, who soon appeared.

The citizen pastry-cook recalled the lady from her revery, by holding out to her a small paper-box wrapped in blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my friends," she answered in a sweet voice.

She raised her eyes to the pastryman's, as though to thank him; but seeing a red cap upon his head, she uttered a cry,—

"Ah, you have betrayed me!"

The young woman and her husband answered with a gesture of horror, which made the unknown blush, it might have been at having suspected them, or from pleasure.

"Excuse me," she said with a childish sweetness. Then taking a golden louis from her pocket, she handed it to the pastryman. "This was the price agreed upon," she added.

There is a poverty which the poor can guess. The pastryman and his wife looked at each other, and pointed to the old lady, interchanging the same thought. This golden louis might be perhaps her last. The lady's hands trembled in offering the coin, which she looked at sadly but not avariciously, though she seemed to feel the full extent of the sacrifice. Fasting and poverty were impressed upon her face, in characters as plain as those of fear and ascetic habits. Her garments showed the remains of magnificence. They consisted of a well-worn silk dress, a mantle elegant, but old-fashioned, lace carefully mended; in a word, the rags of opulence. The trades-people, placed between pity and self-interest, commenced to quiet their consciences by words:

"But, citizeness, you seem very weak."

"Will Madame take anything to eat?" asked the young woman interrupting her husband.

"We have some very good soup," said the pastry-cook.

"It is so cold, Madame is perhaps faint from walking; but you can rest here and warm yourself."

"We are not so black as the devil," said the pastryman.

Attracted by the good-will shown in the words of the charitable shopkeepers, the lady confessed that she had been followed by a man, and that she was afraid to return home alone.

"Is that all?" said the man with the red cap. "Wait for me, citizeness."

He gave the louis to his wife. Then, moved by the species of gratitude which a shopman feels when he receives an exorbitant price for an article of small value, he went to put on his national-guard uniform, took his hat, put on his sword, and reappeared armed; but his wife had had time to reflect. As in many other hearts, reflection had closed the open hand of benevolence. Uneasy, and fearing to see her husband engaged in some dangerous business, the wife of the pastryman tried to stop him by catching hold of the tail of his coat; but listening to the suggestions of his charitable feelings, the brave man offered to conduct the lady immediately.

"It appears that the man whom the citizeness fears, is still waiting before the shop," said the young woman quickly.

"I am afraid so," said the lady simply.

"If he should be a spy? If it should be a conspiracy? Don't go, and take the box away from her."

These words whispered in the pastrycook's ear by his wife, exalted the sudden courage which possessed him.

"Eh! I will go and speak two words to him, and rid you of him now," cried the pastryman opening the door and rushing quickly out.

The old lady, as passive as an infant and almost stupefied, seated herself upon a chair. The honest shopkeeper was not slow in reappearing; his face, naturally red, and heightened in its color by the heat of the oven, had suddenly become livid; so great a fear possessed him that his legs shook, and his eyes looked like a drunken man's.

"Do you wish to have our necks cut, miserable aristocrat?" he cried in a rage. "Show us your heels! never appear here again, and don't count on me to furnish you the means for conspiring!"

Saying this, the pastryman tried to take from the old lady the box which she had placed in her pocket. Hardly had the daring hands of the pastry-cook touched her dress, when the stranger, preferring to risk the dangers of her mite, with no other defender than God, rather than lose what she had just attained, regained the activity of her youth: she rushed to the door, opened it quickly, and disappeared from the sight of the stupefied and trembling wife and husband. As soon as the unknown found herself in the street, she commenced to walk quickly; but soon her strength left her, for she heard the spy, who followed her, crunching the snow under his heavy tread: she was obliged to stop; he stopped also: she did not dare to look at or speak to him, either from the fear she felt, or from a want of experience. She continued her way, walking slowly; the man slackened his pace so as to follow at a distance which enabled him to keep her in sight. This unknown person seemed to be the shadow of the old lady. The clock struck nine as the silent couple repassed the church of Saint Laurent. In every mind, even the weakest, it is natural for a feeling of calmness to succeed any violent agitation, since though our feelings are infinite in their scope, our physical organs are limited in their action. Therefore the old lady, experiencing no harm from her seeming persecutor, thought she saw in him a secret friend, desirous of serving her: she thought over all the circumstances which had accompanied the appearance of the stranger, as though to find plausible reasons for this consolatory opinion, and it seemed to her that they showed he had good rather than bad intentions. Forgetting the fright this man had caused the pastryman, she walked on with a firm step towards the upper part of the Faubourg Saint Martin. After walking a half-hour, she came to a house situated near the angle formed by the principal street of the Faubourg and that which led to the Pantin barrier.

This place is even to this day one of the most deserted spots in Paris. The wind sweeping over the hills of Saint Chaumont and Belleville, whistled past the houses, or rather huts, scattered in this almost uninhabited valley, where the enclosures are made with walls built of bones and mud. This desolate spot seemed the natural refuge for poverty and despair. The man who hastened in the pursuit of the poor creature who was bold enough to walk at night through these silent streets, appeared struck with the sight now offered to his eyes. He remained pensively standing in an attitude of hesitation, hardly visible by the feeble light of a street-lamp, the rays of which scarcely penetrated the fog. Fear gave eyes to the old lady, who thought she saw a sinister expression in the unknown man's face: her terror revived, and taking advantage of the sort of uncertainty which stopped this man, she glided in the darkness towards the door of the solitary house: she turned the latch and disappeared like a phantom. The man remained motionless, looking at the house, which was a sort of type of the miserable buildings of the Faubourg.

It was a rickety hovel, built of rag-stone, and covered with a coating of yellow plaster, so blistered that it seemed as though it would be blown off by the slightest wind. Its roof, of brown tiles, was covered with moss, and bent down in so many places that it looked as though it would be crushed in by the weight of the snow. Each story had three windows, their sashes so rotted by the damp, and warped by the sun, that it was evident the cold must penetrate into the rooms. This isolated house resembled a tower which time had forgotten to destroy. A feeble light shone through the irregularly-placed windows of the garret, while the rest of the house was completely dark. The old lady mounted, not without difficulty, the rude and rough stairs, along which was stretched a rope to serve as a hand-rail. She rapped gently at the door of the garret-room, and entering, seated herself quickly, upon a chair which an old man placed for her.

"Hide yourself, hide yourself," she said to him. "Although we seldom go out, our movements are known; we are watched."

"What is the news?" asked another old woman seated near the fire.

"The man who has been watching about the house since yesterday, followed me this evening."

At these words, the three inhabitants of this wretched place looked at each other with expressions of profound terror. The old man was the least frightened of the three, perhaps because he was the most in danger. When under the weight of a great misfortune, or the danger of persecution, a courageous man commences, so to speak, to sacrifice himself; he considers his days only as so many victories won from destiny. The looks cast by those two women upon the old man, showed that he was the sole object of their solicitude.

"Why cease to trust in God, my sisters?" he said in a low but rich voice; "we chanted His praise in the midst of the cries uttered by the assassins and the dying, at the convent of Carmes. If He has wished that I should be saved from that butchery, it was doubtless to reserve me for a destiny which I should accept without a murmur. God protects His own. He can dispose of them as He sees fit. It is of yourselves and not of me that you should think."

"No," said one of the two old women, "what is our life in comparison with a priest's?"

"When I saw myself out of the Abbey of Chelles, I considered myself as dead!" cried one of the two nuns who had not gone out.

"Here," said she who had just come in, holding out to the priest the little box, "here are the sacramental wafers. But," she cried, "I hear some one coming up the stairs!"

The three persons listened. The noise ceased.

"Don't frighten yourselves," said the priest, "with the idea that any one would try to come here. A woman upon whose fidelity we can count, has completed all her preparations for crossing the frontier, and will come for the letters which I have written to the Duke de Langeais and the Marquis de Beausant, asking them to arrange the means to remove you from this frightful country, from the death or poverty which awaits you here."

"Will not you go with us?" asked the two nuns in a sort of despair.

"My place is where there are victims," said the priest simply.

The nuns were silent, looking at their guest with a holy admiration.

"Sister Martha," said he to her who had gone for the sacramental wafers, "this package should answer *Vast volumias* to the word *Hosanna*."

"There is some one upon the stairs," cried the other nun opening a closet made under the roof.

This time it was easy to hear in the profound silence the footsteps of a man, who stumbled upon the ridges of hard mud which covered the stairs. The priest squeezed himself into a sort of wardrobe, and the nun heaped some clothes upon him.

"You can close the door, Sister Agatha," he said in a smothered voice.

Hardly was the priest concealed, when three raps upon the door made the nuns start, and look at each other without daring to say a word. They appeared to be each of them about sixty years old. Separated from the world since they were forty, they had become like plants, accustomed to the atmosphere of a greenhouse, and which die if they are removed from it. Habituated to the life of a convent, they could no longer conceive any other. One morning their bars had been broken, and they had trembled at finding themselves free. It is easy to understand the sort of factitious imbecility which the events of the revolution had produced in their innocent souls. Incapable of making their cloister-ideas harmonize with the difficulties of life, and not even comprehending their situation, they resembled infants who had up to this time been taken care of, and who, abandoned by their maternal providence, pray instead of crying. Thus before the danger which they at this moment foresaw, they remained mute and passive, having no other defence than Christian resignation.

The man who knocked for admittance interpreted their silence in his own way by opening the door and suddenly appearing. The two nuns trembled at recognizing the man who for some time had been hanging about the house, gathering information about them. They remained motionless, looking at him with an uneasy curiosity, as young children do who examine strangers in silence. The man was large and stout; but nothing in his position, his face, or his air, indicated an evil-minded man. He imitated the immobility of the nuns, and slowly cast his looks about the chamber he had entered.

Two straw mattrasses, placed upon the floor, served as beds for the two nuns. A single table was in the middle of the room, upon which stood a brass candlestick, a few plates, three knives, and a round loaf of bread. A small fire burned in the fireplace. A few sticks of wood, piled in a corner, showed the poverty of the two recluses. The walls, covered with a very old coat of paint, proved the poor condition of the roof, by the stains, like brown lichs, which indicated the places through which the rain leaked. A relic, saved doubtless from the pillage of the Abbey of Chelles, ornamented the mantlepiece. Three chairs, two tumblers, and a mean wardrobe completed the infuniture of the room. A door near the fireplace raised a conjecture that there was a second room.

The inventory of this cell was quickly made by the person who introduced himself under such terrible auspices to this household. A feeling of pity was expressed upon his face, and he cast a look of good-will upon the two women, who were at least as much embarrassed as he was. The strange silence in which the three remained, lasted only a short time, for the unknown man saw the moral weakness and inexperience of these two poor creatures, and said in a voice which he tried to soften, "I do not come here as an enemy, citizenesses." He stopped and then resumed, "My sisters, if any misfortune has happened to you, believe me that I did not contribute to it. I have a favor to ask of you."

The two women still remained silent.

"If I intrude upon you, if I trouble you, speak freely, I will retire; but know that I am devoted to your interests; that if I can be of any service to you, you can call upon me without fear, and that I alone, am perhaps above the law, since there is no longer any king."

There was such an accent of truth in his words, that Sister Agatha,—she of the two nuns who belonged to the family of Langeais, and whose manners showed that she had formerly been accustomed to high society and had breathed the atmosphere of the Court,—pointed to one of the chairs, as an invitation for their guest to be seated. The unknown man showed a feeling of joy mixed with sadness at the sight of this gesture, and waited until the two ladies were seated before taking a chair.

"You have given asylum to a venerable priest, who has not taken the oath of allegiance, and who escaped miraculously from the massacre at Carmes."

"Hosanna," said Sister Agatha interrupting the stranger, and looking at him with an uneasy curiosity.

"That I believe is not his name," he answered.

"But sir," said Sister Martha quickly, "we have no priest here, and—"

"You should have more care and foresight," said the stranger gently, as he reached out his hand towards the table and took from it a breviary. "I do not think that you know Latin and—"

He did not continue, for the extraordinary emotion which was expressed upon the faces of the nuns made him fear that he had gone too far; they sat trembling with their eyes filled with tears.

"Reassure yourselves," he said in a frank voice; "I know the name of your guest, and your own, and during the past three days I have made myself acquainted with your distress and your devotion to the venerable abbot of ——."

"Christ," said Sister Agatha simply, putting a finger upon her lips.

"You see, my sisters, that if I had conceived the

[CONCLUSION ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending May 26, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Revelation of John its own Interpreter, in virtue of the Double Version in which it is delivered. By John Cochran. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Manual of Church Music. Containing a Choice Selection of Chants and Metrical Tunes. Designed for use in Public and Private Worship. Compiled by William H. Walter. 1 vol., small 4to. pp. 224. $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HISTORICAL.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Volume VI. now ready. $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Collections of the Ulster Historical Society. Vol. I. 8vo, stitched. pp. 76. Kingston: Hommel & Lounsbery, printers.

A History of the Modern Jews; or, Annals of the Hebrew Race. From the Destruction of Jerusalem till the Present Time. By Samuel M. Smucker, LL.D. $1. 552 pages, containing the most memorable and noteworthy events which have occurred in the history of this most extraordinary nation during the last 1800 years. Philadelphia: Isaac Ralston.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Bobbin Boy and the Governor. A true story of the boyhood and early life of Governor Banks. 12mo. 75 cents. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

FICTION.

Wild Nell, the White Mountain Girl. By Mrs. H. J. Moore, author of "The Golden Legacy"—a Story of Life's Phases; Anna Clayton, or The Mother's Trial, etc. With a fine portrait, engraved on steel, by John Sartain. Illustrated with Engraved Plates. 12mo. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. A Tale of Religious Persecution. By Sallie Rochester Ford, author of Grace Truman. 12mo. pp. 488. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Home as Found. Sequel to Homeward Bound. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 507. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

POETRY.

Poems. By William H. Holcomb, M.D. 12mo. pp. 360. New York: Mason Brothers.

Republican Song Book, edited by John W. Hutchinson, of the celebrated Hutchinson Family. Copies (post paid) 12 cents. New York: O. Hutchinson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Course of Exercises in all parts of French Syntax, methodically arranged after Poitevin's Syntaxe Francaise. To which are added Ten Appendices. Designed for the use of Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners. By Frederick T. Winkelmann, A.M., and Ph.D. 1 vol. 12mo, half Roan. $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, in the celebrated Campaign of 1858 in Illinois. 1 vol. 8vo. 50 cents. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

A Tabular Statement of the Composition of the French Army on a War Footing. Prepared from the most recent official documents. By C. N. Wilcox, U. S. Army. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Speech of Abram Lincoln at Illinois at the Cooper Institute, New York, Feb. 27, 1860. 4 cents. New York: Horace Greeley & Co.

Popular Sovereignty and Democracy vs Republicanism. Containing speeches of Douglas and Lincoln in the Illinois Campaign, together with two speeches made by Lincoln, in Ohio, in 1859. In 1 vol. royal 8vo. pp. 288. Paper 25 cents. New York: Horace Greeley & Co.

Esperanza. My Journey Thither, and What I Saw There. 12mo. pp. 332. $1. Cincinnati: Valentine Nicholson.

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGICAL.

A Compendium of Biblical Criticism on the Canonical Books of the Holy Scriptures. By Frederick Sargent. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Longmans.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Anecdote Biography. Containing the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations. 6s. London: Bentley.

The Life and Labors of Sir Charles Bell. By Probe. Small 8vo. 5s. London: Bentley.

Domestic Memoirs of the Royal Family, and of the Court of England. By Folkestone Williams, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., etc. 3 vols. with fine Portraits, 31s. 6d. London: Bentley.

Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, F.R.S., D.C.L. By his Son, Martin Archer Shee, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans.

Life of the Right Rev. Monsignor Weedall, D.D., Domestic Prelate of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., Vicar General of the Diocese, and Provost of the Cathedral Chapter of Birmingham, and President of St. Mary's College, Oscott: including the Early History of Oscott College. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., V.G., Provost of Northampton. 12mo. 7s. 6d. London: Longmans.

HISTORICAL.

Historical Recollections of the Reign of William the Fourth. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s. London: J. F. Hope.

A History of Flemish Literature, and its Celebrated Authors, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. By Octave Delepierre. 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Murray.

MEDICAL.

Obstetrical Transactions, volume the First, Transactions of the Obstetrical Society of London, for the Year 1859, with a Report of the Inaugural Meeting of the Society, List of Officers, Fellows, etc. 8vo. pp. 400, with 7 Plates. 15s. London: Longmans.

Lectures on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. By Charles West, M.D., Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children. Physician Accoucheur to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A New Edition, being the Fourth, Revised throughout and Enlarged. 8vo. 14s. London: Longmans.

The Paper that was Read before a Medical Audience, on the Comparative Properties of Human and Animal Milks, suggesting a New System of Feeding, by which Infants may be reared artificially with success. Also, The Practice of Hiring Wet Nurses (especially those from the "Failed"), Considered as it Affects Public Health and Public Morals, by M. A. Bames. 1s. London: John Churchill.

A Pure Mind in a Pure Body—That is, Health. A New System of Health and Medicine. The Anti-Septic Treatment, based upon the Sanitary and Dietetic Laws of Moses, invaluable for Invalids and Nervous Sufferers. 1s. 6d. London: Baillière.

LEGAL.

An Introduction to the History of Jurisprudence. By D. Caulfield Heron, LL.D. Royal 8vo. pp. 846. 21s. London: John W. Parker & Son.

ART.

Modern Painters. By John Ruskin, M.A., author of the Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps of Architecture, etc. Volume V., concluding the work. With numerous Illustrations, engraved on Steel and Wood. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

POETRY.

Pansies. By Fanshawe Brook. 8vo. 5s. London: Bell & Daldy.

Plays of Shakespeare. Edited by Howard Staunton. The Illustrations by John Gilbert. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. 3 vols. £2 16s. London: George Routledge & Co.

Political Poems and Songs relating to English History, composed during the Period from the Accession of Edward III. to that of Richard III. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. London: Longmans.

The Gitana: a Ballad of Spain. By Ariell Thorn. 5s. London: W. Kent & Co.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. A new and enlarged edition with photograph of the author. 8vo. 2 vols. 20s. London: Longmans.

FICTION.

A False Step in Life. By L. L. D. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

Right at Last, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of Mary Barton, Ruth, etc. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

The Real and Ideal. By the author of Visiting my Relations. Small 8vo. 4s. 6d. London: Bentley.

The Curates of Riversdale: Recollections in the Life of a Clergyman. Written by Himself. Dedicated to the Duke of Manchester. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Diary of a Poor Young Gentlewoman. Translated from the German. By M. Anna Childs. 8vo. pp. 224. 3s. 6d. London: Trübner & Co.

The Queen's Pardon. By Mary Eyre. 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

Stories from the Sandhills. By Hans Christian Andersen. Author of The Improvisatore. 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Bentley.

The First Born; or, a Mother's Trials. By the author of My Lady. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

TRAVELS, ETC.

The Corsair and his Conqueror: a Tour in Algeria. By Henry E. Pope. Post 8vo. London: Bentley.

The Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff, the Bokhara Missionary, from his Conversion to Christianity to the Present Time. Written by Himself, and Edited by a High Literary Authority. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. Vol. I. Dedicated by special permission, to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Recollections of Baron Gros's Embassy to China and Japan, in 1857–58. By the Marquis de Moges, Attaché to the Mission. Authorized Translation, with Colored Illustrations. 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Richard Griffin & Co.

The Sources of the Nile; being a General Survey of the Basin of that River and its Head Streams, with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. 8vo, with seven Maps. London: James Madden.

The Hunting Grounds of the Old World. By H. A. L. (the Old Shekarry). 8vo. 21s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shakespeare's Medical Knowledge. By John Charles Bucknill, M.D., Editor of the "Journal of Mental Science," Joint Author of a "Manual of Psychological Medicine." Dedicated by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Campbell, Lord High Chancellor, etc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Longmans.

Bible Servants, and What they Teach Us. By the Rev. John D. Lewis, M.A., Domestic Chaplain to the Earl Ferrers. 18mo. 2s. London: Rivingtons.

The Oldest of the Old World. By Sophia M. Eckley. Post 8vo. with an Illustration. 9s. London: Bentley.

Mind and Brain; or, the Correlations of Consciousness and Organization: with their Applications to Philosophy, Zoology, Physiology, Mental Pathology, and the Practice of Medicine. By Thomas Laycock, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc., etc., Professor of the Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine, and Lecturer on Medical Psychology in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

The Seven Sisters of Sleep: a Popular History of the Seven Prevailing Narcotics of the World. By M. C. Cooke. Illustrated. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: James Blackwood.

A Treatise on Attractions, Laplace's Functions, and the Figure of the Earth. By J. H. Pratt. 8vo. £1 8s. 6d. London: Macmillan & Co.

Hardwicke's County Families of the United Kingdom; or, Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy. Containing the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Landed Commons of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. By E. Walford, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford; author of The Shilling Peerage, etc., etc. 1 vol. £1 4s. London: Robert Hardwicke.

The Intuitions of the Mind, Inductively Investigated. By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast; and author of Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral. 8vo. 12s. London: John Murray.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

MEDICAL.

Clinical Lectures on Certain Acute Diseases. By Robert Bentley Todd, M.D., F.R.S., author of Lectures on the Nervous System, etc., late Physician to Kings College Hospital, London. Octavo, cloth. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

NOVELS.

Devereux. A Tale. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 344–350. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 2 vols. pp. 320–334. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A Mother's Trials. By the author of My Lady. 12mo. pp. 400. New York: Harper & Brothers.

POETRY.

Fauriel's History of Provençal Poetry; translated from the French, with occasional notes, specimens of verses in the original, and an Introduction on the Literature of the History of Provençal Poetry, by C. J. Adler, A.M., late Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth. pp. 556. $2. New York: Derby & Jackson.

FICTION.

Tom Brown at Oxford: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. Part VI. 12 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

TRAVELS.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of Dr. Thorne, The Bertrams, The Three Clerks, Castle Richmond, etc. 12mo. pp. 395. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient World. By Rev. George Rawlinson.

Borrowa's Sleeping Bard—Alpha and Omega. By George Gilfillan.

Brewer's Theology in Science.

Letters of Hannah More to Zachary Taylor.

Chilcote Park; or, the Sisters.

Hugg's Life of Shelley.

My First Journal, a book for Children.

The Seven Sisters of Sleep.

The Companion Hand Book of Travel through the United States and the Canadas. 50 cents.

Buckle's Civilization in England, Volume 2.

Farraday's Lectures on Forces of Matter.

Miller's Chemistry.

Window on Obscure Diseases.

Lord Dundonald's Autobiography.

Bellew's Sermons—Christ in Life, Life in Christ.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

The Life, Public Services, and Speeches of Hon. Abram Lincoln; together with a Sketch of the Life of Hannibal Hamlin. 1 vol. 12mo, paper, with Portrait. 25c.

W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., NEW YORK.

The Life and Speeches of the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. 1 vol. 12mo, with Steel Portrait. $1. A Campaign Edition, without the speeches, in paper covers, 25 cents.

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

The Life and Public Services of the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. By D. W. Bartlett, Washington Correspondent of "The N. Y. Evening Post" and "Independent." Neat duodecimo. $1.

H. DAYTON, NEW YORK.

The Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, Republican Candidate for the Presidency. 12mo, cloth. $1. With a fine steel Portrait. Also a Cheap Edition of the same, in paper covers, 25 cents.

CALVIN BLANCHARD, NEW YORK.

Life of Thomas Paine; Mover of the Declaration of Independence; Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the First American Congress; Member of the National Convention of France; author of Common Sense, The Crisis, Rights of Man, Age of Reason, etc., etc.; and the Man, whose motto was, "The World is my Country; to do good, my Religion." Embracing a comprehensive view of Man's Struggle for Liberty, prospectively tracing that struggle to a Successful Termination, and showing a Connection and Unity of Aim in the Action of the world's three great Author Heroes,—Rousseau, Paine, and Comte. By the author of The Religion of Science.

THOMSON BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The World of Ice; or, Adventures in the Polar Regions. By R. M. Ballantyne.

Martin Rattler; or, a Boy's Adventures in the Forests of Brazil. By R. M. Ballantyne.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE, BOSTON.

The Life and Public Services of Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and Hon. Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, Republican Candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. Illustrated with Portraits. 1 vol. 12mo. $1, also a cheap edition for 25 cents.

GOULD & LINCOLN, BOSTON.

English Puritanism and its Leaders: Cromwell, Milton, Baxter, and Bunyan. By J. Tulloch, D.D., author of Leaders of the Reformation.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie. With a Prefatory Essay, containing Extracts from his Correspondence with Washington Irving and other Friends. With a Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 12mo.

Scarsdale. A Novel.

Over the Cliffs. By Mrs. Chanter.

Herbert Chauncey: a Man More Sinned Against than Sinning. By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton.

The Wild Sports of India. By Captain H. Shakespeare.

Recreations of a Country Parson.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Smith's New Geography, containing a Concise Text and Explanatory Notes, with over One Hundred Maps, for the use of Schools in the United States and Canada. By Roswell C. Smith, A.M., author of several School Books. [To be published July 1st.]

MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Authentic Biography of Abraham Lincoln. Over 200 pages duodecimo. Embellished with life like portrait. 25 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, May 26, 1860.

Katherine Morris: An autobiography. By the author of Step by Step, and Here and Hereafter. 12mo. pp. 353. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. A Tale of Religious Persecution. By Sallie Rochester Ford, author of Grace Truman. 12mo. pp. 488. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

A Tabular Statement of the Composition of the French Army on a War Footing. Prepared from the most recent Official Documents. By C. M. Wilcox, U. S. Army. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1860.

Collections of the Ulster Historical Society. Vol. I. 8vo, stitched. pp. 76. Kingston: Hommel & Lounsbery, printers. 1860.

Tom Brown at Oxford: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. Part VI. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Home as Found. Sequel to Homeward Bound. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings, by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 507. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of Doctor Thorne, The Bertrams, The Three Clerks, Castle Richmond, etc. 12mo. pp. 395. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

A Mother's Trials. By the author of My Lady. 12mo. pp. 400. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Devereux. A Tale. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 344-350. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 2 vols. pp. 320 334. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

G. P. R. JAMES.

We have all had our little joke at James and his tireless horsemen; but we have also all read too many of his pleasant stories with interest, not to be pained to hear of his illness. A letter from Vienna states that about a month since Mr. James had an attack of paralysis, at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James's original works amount to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. Yet he is not an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the production of this mass of novels, which have so pleased the public; for it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James (American Cyclopædia), that in 1822 he was strongly urged by Irving to attempt some important work, and he wrote the 'Life of Edward the Black Prince.' James's earlier novels still hold a place, and his 'Richelieu' is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. He is the father of the historical novel for the million, without any of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere antiquarian passion, which constitute the excellence of Scott's historic fiction. But no story-teller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time has any reason to be dissatisfied. James has seen younger men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own way, uninfluenced by the novel tendencies of his companions. If his hand rests now from his labors, there will be many a heart unknown to him sorry to learn it, and many a hearty hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and comparative health; and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Special Notices.

GILSEY & FRANK HODGES,
SPECULATORS IN SMOKE,
768½ Broadway,
(Near Ninth street.) New York.

The Choicest Selection of Cigars in the Country.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship KANGAROO, for Liverpool, Saturday, May 26th, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

SPRING CARD.

Our importations and selections of all
CHOICE FABRICS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH MARKET,
suitable for our city trade, have been received, and are now ready. They embrace many beautiful styles of
Cassimeres, Spring Coatings and Vestings,
of our own special designs, to be found nowhere else. Our friends would do well to make early selections. Our stock of
SPRING CLOTHING,
both for men and boys, is now ready, and in great variety. Notwithstanding the well known superiority of our make and style, we are prepared to sell at the lowest figures in the trade.
Devlin, Hudson & Co.,
256, 258, and 260 Broadway.

HOT WEATHER!—PREPARE FOR IT!
Ice Pitchers!—Ice Pitchers!
A new and beautiful style. Also, a general assortment of elegant Plated Goods for sale.
RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
Wm. S. Murray,
22 John st. (near Nassau), New York.

BRADY'S GALLERY.
PHOTOGRAPHS,
AMBROTYPES, IVORYTYPES, AND DAGUERREOTYPES.
643 Broadway, corner Bleecker street.

GENT'S FASHIONABLE FURNISHING BAZAAR
And Glove Depot.
LEWIS & SEACORD,
655 Broadway, Stuyvesant Institute, New York.
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS of every description. *SHIRTS* and *COLLARS* made to order by complete measurement, careful cutting, best needlework, and no sale if not to please.
T. M. LEWIS. DANIEL F. SEACORD.

[ESTABLISHED 1815.]
William Everdell & Sons,
[WM. EVERDELL, WM. EVERDELL, JR., HENRY EVERDELL,]
ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.
104 Fulton (near William street), New York.

GO TO PFAFF'S!—At Pfaff's Restaurant and Lager Bier Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Viands, the best Lager Bier, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Wines and Liquors, the best Havana Cigars,—in fine, the best of everything, *at Moderate Prices.*
N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

To Ladies and Housekeepers.—A New and Improved RANGE for ROASTING, BAKING, and BROILING,—to be seen at 285 CANAL STREET,
Three doors from Broadway, East side.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, urniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes: it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1860.

THE DICTIONARY.

(Worcester.)

If, as occasionally has happened in the night-time, we wanted the aid of some pleasant book to lull ourselves into a gentle slumber, it is just possible we should not select, as likely to inspire sweet and dreamy thoughts, a copy of any Dictionary whatsoever. If we were spending a glorious June day in quiet woodland places—such as are celebrated in song by the meek and pastoral Bryant—and wanted to vary the entertainment with congenial reading, it is quite likely we should prefer S. Cobb, Jr., or Bissell of Parnassus, or some other of the 'sparkling and bright' persons who are just now illuminating the modern world, above even the most elegant copy of Worcester's Dictionary (Library Edition) that ever Messrs. Hickling, Swan & Brewer have published in the antique and facetious town of Boston. If, in some ardent moment, we wanted to rejoice the heart of Carrie Jane with a token of our affection, or, like Sir Solomon Blake Frazer, renew to somebody 'the assurances of our distinguished consideration,' it might happen that Dr. Worcester's great philological work would not be chosen. And that for a variety of reasons. It is a quarto volume, containing seventeen hundred and eighty-six pages. It is too large for one's vest-pocket. It is too heavy for the convenience of reading on the couch of repose. It is not saturated with the poetic atmosphere of sylvan haunts. And it certainly lacks those airy and perfumed graces which, according to the rules of the Wedding Ring, should always characterize the messengers of the tender passion.

But the Dictionary, like everything else in the world, has its fitting time and place. There are seasons when it is the best of all companions We admit, for ourselves, that we have passed many cheerful hours in reading Dictionaries. It is an acquired taste, perhaps, like that for olives—which, as everybody knows, come hard to some people, at first. But it is a delightful taste to possess; and if any readers want to cultivate it, we do not know how they can more pleasantly exercise their minds than in the perusal of Dr. Worcester's Dictionary.

The reason of our preference and recommendation of this work is at once simple and forcible. It may be stated in direct expression. Dr. Worcester's Dictionary of the English Language is in all respects the best one ever yet published, and it is published in a very agreeable and attractive style.

We base our opinion of this Dictionary on the evident, incontrovertible merits of the work. It embodies the English language, purely and entirely, as it is now employed in the best usage of England and America. It is exactly what it pretends to be, a Glossary of all English books which are now read. It contains over a hundred thousand words, including all those which are well authorised and some of those which are not. Its authorities, on all points, are the best writers in the literature of past and present time. In its spelling and pronunciation there is no affectation of silly theories, and none of those 'modern improvements' which suggest lunacy in the philologist, and make the student a lunatic out of sympathy. On the contrary, it spells and pronounces words correctly, according to the usage of the highest authorities. Its definitions are always exact, and always expressed in exact and simple terms. It displays great accuracy and extent of information respecting the etymologies of words. We did not indeed think that any one could be so well acquainted as Dr. Worcester evidently is with the origin, private life, and character of these little companions and servants of thought. And not with these alone, but with everything else that has aught to do with our language, the Doctor's acquaintance is intimate and admirable. It is a labor of love which he has performed in this Dictionary; but it has been performed by one who had intellect and learning to perform it faithfully and well.

A very novel and pleasing feature of his work is its pictorial embellishment. It is, we believe, the first of illustrated Dictionaries. In common with readers generally, we remember John Locke's opinion, expressed nearly two centuries ago, that Dictionaries ought to have marginal pictures. In common with other readers also, we rather wonder that such an idea has never before been practically embodied. In the present instance it is fair to say the illustrations are novel and interesting. For the delectation of childhood, they are certainly conceived with great benevolence and equal sagacity; and we should judge that they might be of signal service to all ingenuous youths who are in quest of useful information. Many of them represent specimens of ornithological life and loveliness. The idea of birds flitting about among snowy apple-boughs in the country, is very pleasant just at this season; but we had no idea till now that they could be so much at home among the roots and things of a Lexicon. Our only complaint is that the birds do not sing—which is very reprehensible, considering the variety of expressions they have at hand. Perhaps they could somewhat more fully reveal the inherent poetry of the Dictionary.

Besides the birds, there are many other illustrations, representing fish and animals, the fashions of architecture, and the implements of science. But no department is quite so well represented as the ornithological.

We have not felt impelled to undertake an elaborate illustration of the claims of Dr. Worcester's Dictionary to be considered superior to that of Dr. Webster especially, and those of all other philologists whatever. We have no doubt of the fact that it is so. The proposition seems to us self-evidently true. Besides, we are tired of the War of the Dictionaries. The Battle of the Books was nothing to it. The War of the Roses, though somewhat more sanguinary was scarcely more hostile. War may be a good thing; but too much of a good thing is wearisome—as everybody knows. This contest has already been carried on long enough to bore the public to death, if in an age of novel excitements that mortuary operation were possible. And it is the more remarkable—the duration of this War—considering that the question it involves has long since been effectually settled, by the united testimony of scholars, both American and English in favor of Dr. Worcester's Dictionary.

THE NUDE.

We are somewhat ambiguously informed by the Boston *Transcript* that Mr. Stillman "declaims against "Nude statuary in a manner totally at variance with "the history and acknowledged exigencies of Art "(whatever they may be), and with the sense of beau- "ty and truth and purity to which her noblest inspi- "rations are addressed, and whence they emanate."

In respect to the Nude, we shall not quite agree with Mr. Stillman and the *Crayon*, perhaps not with the oracular *Transcript*, when we know what, if anything is signified by the 'exigencies,' etc. We shall enter our own view, and take the risk of making a three-cornered fight.

In the first place, we feel no special concern for public morality, threatened by the naughtiness of modern undress fashions in Art. The Anglo-Saxon imagination has never been sensual or even sensuous. It is proud, aspiring, scornful of the body. The habit of the sentimental nations seems to us effeminate. Tom Moore is a baby with sugar-tit; his muse an irritation of the mucous membrane. In the North of Europe you will rarely meet, what is so common in the South, a saint, like the late well-known sensation preacher, Maffit, whose very piety is a flush of blood; its paroxysm a half animal indulgence. In his constitution is no firm distinction, much less any antithesis between sentiment and appetite. His emotion, his poetry, is a kind of pruriency; his soul seems to be soaked in juices and fumes, to itch and desire.

In the modern French novel this heat is the universal solvent. Consuelo, miracle of elevation, must once burn with it to her finger tips. To feel every extremity of inclination, to tremble like a jelly without actual going in pieces, under the stress of continual temptation—which is taken for granted, as matter of course—that is the triumph of French virtue. The French ideal and historical saint is a Magdalen, whose love-sickness finds no longer an object nearer at hand than heaven. The French Magdalen prays regularly and not formally, but with passion. The Bon Dieu is another lover, and on that level, one lover by no means fatally interferes with the right of—the rest.

This unconscious or half conscious mixture of animal, æsthetic, and religious motive, is a matter of temperament, is for the French or Italians only a weakness 'très amiable,' is susceptibility. For the Northman it is prostitution, and the more sincere the more unmitigated nastiness.

And this, not because the Northman is on the whole a better man than the Southern, but his vice is not luxury, is not softness. He may trample on moral distinctions; he does not confuse or lose sight of them. Vice and virtue are not so fused in him, as fire and water in a glowing mist.

He has in short an energy of moral perception, which finely distinguishes principle from sentiment, he suspects and despises every sublimation of the base instincts, and a work of which the motive is even questionable, will never command the sympathy of that class in England and America, who make for any man a permanent reputation. The Art of drinking-saloons is never a public influence. It is feeble as it is base in intention, and the picture or statue of higher pretensions is weak in proportion to the emphasis with which it regards the body, and rests in enjoyment of physical traits.

Strong men and women seek by sympathy the fiery, magnetic, and heroic in character; they hate the enticing platitude of parlors and bed-chambers, and resent as personal indignity every glance which spends itself upon personal—that is upon accidental—'charms.'

For the weak, imagination itself is but a finer contact, sex a physical fact and their perpetual song. They care nothing for masculine beauty, for that culmination of grace and power, the supreme manly form. They paint and model under every disguise of title, only the same everlasting Venus, a soft, enticing, yielding, creature, conscious alike of her power and her 'predicament' ('oh noble' *Atlantic* 'I thank thee for that word'), and enjoying both, however, she may gesticulate or frown.

There needs very little actual nudity to destroy the sensuous motive. There are faces which should be veiled, under penalty of the law prohibiting indecent exposure.

Sensual Art is disguised by romantic association or incident, by slight infusion of character, by brilliancy and purity of color. It rises toward purity of effect whenever there is strong feeling even of physical and material beauty. For the luxurious is never the vigorous or truly noble form. Luxury is physical degradation, is a stagnancy and festering of the blood. Flesh purged by activity is no longer flesh, the lines and planes of power displace the softness of allurement. Purity is a running brook. Sensuality a tropical pool.

Sexual Art is lifted then by any infusion of energy. Gray elevates it by color. The Greeks redeemed it in the 'Venus de Medici,' without aid from character, by the mere perfection of animated and conscious form. The French give it piquancy by their sparkling wit, their coquetry, by some well simulated unconsciousness, some evasion or defiance. The English are clumsy in indecency. Their immorality is downright, literal, and commonplace, a sore trial to the stoutest stomach.

The sexual element requires either great energy and openness of treatment, or a most skilful disguise, a cookery like the French, with irresistible sauce and spice to cover the savor of corruption. It is saved by fire and frankness in Virgil's encounter of 'Venus and Mars,' in Leighton's 'Delilah,' at the Academy. It is most offensive when clumsily covered; when, for example, it affects to convey a moral lesson, as in the wisdom and folly of Huntington or Rossiter's 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' pictures in which the wisdom is a drug, while the folly is delightfully felt.

The 'Venus' of Page is so hard and cold a figure, so destitute of vitality, physical and moral, that no motive of luxury appears in it. All were disappointed who ran to enjoy its naughtiness. The 'Diana' opposite was much more attractive from its superior anatomical detail and feminine sentiment.

The 'Greek Slave' was aimed at popularity, but fell short of its aim for lack of power. It is a stone, and through very emptiness makes an impression of unintended purity, and merely gratifies in remote America, a cold-blooded curiosity about the form.

Palmer is the poet of adipose, and at him accordingly the excommunication of the *Crayon* is aimed. His figures under all titles are of one rank, and have a motive only doubtful, not so low as to offend the conventional morality of our parlors. They are by no means powerful stimulants. There is no danger to public morals from mere imitation and finish. Without character, action, vivacity, there is no fascination, and these 'Marbles' represent the tamest and sweetest little school-girls, whose smiling faces were never troubled by a passion, a resolution, or a thought.

The strength of the Artist is expended on their curves and contours, often grossly exaggerated as in the bust of 'Resignation,' which is fairly monstrous, and in the 'White Captive,' where animal development was felt to require apology, to be at best a mitigated offence.

A marked defect in Palmer's heads, which betrays the last degree of indifference to character, is uniform littleness and lack of expression in the eyes. These windows of life are the centre of attraction in all beautiful faces, always well formed, and opened with emphasis of their direction and action, when manhood or womanhood is to be celebrated in stone.

Nothing could be more unspiritual than the 'Spirit's Flight'—nothing more commonplace in expression, or more elaborately material in form. In one of the print-shops, we see an amputated foot of the 'White Captive'; and its exhibition is an ingenuous confession of artistic motive. The sculptor and his admirers openly spend their enthusiasm on a hand, a lip, an ear,—on dainties less refined, but all 'delicious.' "I could eat that figure," said my clerical friend.

A grosser appetite is more tolerable than this which toys with innocence, which fondles while it lacks both power and will to animate and so subordinate the form.

The action of the 'White Captive' is not justified by her habit: we see in it not what the woman is doing, but what she is and has been. The American savage never offered indignity to woman. She resents with reason the regards of her civilized admirers. The figure is nude at heart. Purity and impurity never lie on the surface—are not in an accident of drapery, and so to be measured by the square-yard. A form is exposed that it may be enjoyed for itself—may be mumbled over with the fingers of the mind; or it is clothed with energy of purpose, which sinks this sensible sweetness, and converts this neglected flesh to flame. The female form is a mixed delight of circulation and sentiment, or it is a bawdry of pride and self-respect—retired, aspiring—which knows no sexual distinction, save that between a commanding and a persuasive soul.

Contrast with the treatment of this figure, that of Thorwaldsen's noble 'Night and Morning,' where you see honest bone and muscle—where the body is made a motion and the vehicle of a thought.

Surely, O *Transcript!* the 'exigencies of Art' do not demand this recumbency among the paps; and surely, O virtuous *Crayon* and *Cosmopolitan!* there is no inflammatory power in this exceeding prettiness, this dish of dimples. The very schoolboys will not suffer harm from these Musidoras in marble.

Even my philandering clerical friend may indulge without much danger to his constitution, an appetite for this syllabub of character, this sugar-candy of toothsome form.

Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water.

Carvers and Marble-painters.

The 'Root of all Evil' at Wallack's.

The Overland Route.

John Bull ahead, at last.

As a Champion of Defaulters, the British PULLINGER is ahead of the American FOWLER by over $1,000,000.

Popular Political Abstraction.

Abstraction of the Public Funds.

A Sea of Troubles.

The See of Rome.

Republican Miracle.

Ex-Mayor Gregory, of Jersey, is of opinion that the Republicans, at the approaching election for President, will make 'a clean Swe

— Miss Prescott's 'Sir Rohan's Ghost' is announced for republication in London.

A curious fragment of Anglo-Saxon literature has been discovered in the Royal Library, Copenhagen, though consisting only of four pages, or two leaves of vellum, forming the binding of another book. It proves to be of great literary value as the portion of a romance or saga on a 'King Walther,' dating from the ninth century, and resembling the famous poem of Beowulf in character. It is in prose, with a complete facsimile by Prof. George Stephen, the translator of 'Frithiof's Saga.'

— The following is from the London *Saturday Review*: "M. Edmond About has just published an amusing little pamphlet. The subject is, as usual, the map of Europe, and the way in which it should be remodelled. There is no Frenchman of any political notoriety, from Emile de Girardin upwards, who would not think himself aggrieved were he prevented from redistributing the Continent. They have all caught the fever from their Emperor. Most Parisians have at bottom a secret longing to set about rearranging the universe at once. This comes of having a taste for geometry. They are accustomed to deal with triangles and circles, and cannot help treating the kingdoms of the world as if they were so many badly-drawn parallelograms. They try to set everything straight, to tidy up the loose islands, and to put the straggling nationalities into their proper places. When a Frenchman feels indignant at the policy of a foreign nation, he revenges himself by sitting down and giving away Constantinople to somebody. Is he anxious to conciliate or to reassure an ally, he flings him Syria and Egypt. This is a little pleasant excitement for himself, and costs nothing. It makes him feel as if he were Providence, and lulls for an hour or so the poignant regret which each French journalist suffers from the aggravating reflection that he has not been intrusted with the superintendence of the world. M. About has been taken with the malady at last. He has set out on a mission of reorganization. He travels all over Europe and Asia with the coolness and nonchalance of a light-hearted little fly, who thinks nothing of walking over a pair of globes. As a joker of jokes he is most diverting, his fun is good-natured, and, viewed in the light of a jeu d'esprit, his his small work is worth reading."

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE ARMIES OF FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

A tabular statement of the composition of the French and Austrian armies, prepared by C. M. Wilcox, of the United States army, and published by D. Van Nostrand, of this city, contains some interesting statistics. The Emperor Napoleon III. is commander-in-chief over an army numbering 595,785 men, divided into 3,310 companies and 376 battalions, with 526 generals, 2,068 superior officers, and no less than 17,088 inferior officers. There are 15,340 musicians, trumpeters, and drummers, and 30,954 sergeants. The mules and horses employed in the service of the army number nearly 150,000. When France is engaged in a great war the government has recourse to the formation of provisional troops. Thus, during the Crimean war, an Imperial Guard was formed, and various regiments of Zouaves.

The military household of the Emperor consists of eight generals of division, three generals of brigade, one colonel and two lieutenant-colonels, all under the general name of aides-de-camp. In addition to these there are, under the general title of 'orderly officers,' three lieutenant-colonels, two chiefs of squadron, seven captains, and two lieutenants. The Imperial Guard is composed of two divisions of infantry of two brigades each, of a cavalry division of three brigades, of two regiments of artillery—one of foot and one of horse—of two companies of engineers, and of a squadron of the transportation train. The strength of the Imperial Guard is 34,925 infantry, 7,802 cavalry, 3,942 artillery, 314 engineers, and 1,102 of the transportation train—in all, 51,085 men. The army enjoys the services of 1,447 surgeons and assistants, and 358 veterinary doctors. There are thirty-five interpreters to the army in Algeria.

All the troops of the line stationed in the interior of the French Empire are divided into five grand commands, in charge of the Marshals of France, called the superior command of the North, East, Southeast, Southwest, and West, as by a decree of January 27th, 1858. The forces in Algeria form another superior command. France is, besides, divided into twenty-one military divisions, which are again divided into eighty six sub-divisions. In time of peace the army of Paris and the Imperial Guard are alone retained on a war footing.

The foreign news often alludes to the so-called 'Army of Observation.' This is an arbitrary title, and refers to all the troops stationed in the northeast of France and in Paris.

The Austrian army is larger than the French, including, all told, 743,783 men, with the Emperor Francis Joseph as supreme commander-in-chief. There are 521 generals, 1,302 superior, and 17,198 inferior officers, 56,414 sergeants and corporals, 16,301 musicians, 605,000 soldiers. 139,548 horses are employed in the service of this immense host. The army is divided into four grand divisions of unequal strength. The first of these has its headquarters at Vienna, the second at Verona, the third at Ofen, and the fourth at Lemberg. The entire army is also divided into eight corps of infantry and one of cavalry; the first corps commanded by Count Clam Gallas, headquarters at Prague; second corps, by Prince Schwarzenberg, at Vienna; third, by Duke Ernest, at Klagenfurt; fourth, by Arch-Duke Charles Ferdinand, at Brünn; fifth, by Count Stadion, at Verona; sixth, by Prince Edward de Liechtenstein, at Pesth; seventh, by Prince Alexander de Hesse, at Treviso; eighth, by Count Thun, at Padua. The corps of cavalry is under the orders of Prince Francis de Liechtenstein, at Pesth. These commanders also enjoy the title of 'Lieutenant Field Marshal,' and most of them will be recognized, by name, as having taken a prominent part in the late Italian war.

The military clergy called to administer to the spiritual wants of the army is composed of one Apostolic Vicar and 244 chaplains. The medical department includes 910 surgeons, besides under-surgeons in numbers indeterminate, who are clothed with no official character. There are also 105 veterinary surgeons, with assistants. The Austrian army is richly endowed with institutions for the education of youth, including twenty academies, with company schools for the infantry, cavalry, engineers, and pioneers; and for horsemanship, medicine, surgery, etc. The government provides the clothing and equipment for these troops. The Emperor has a staff similar to that of Napoleon III.

Such is a portion of the vast machinery required for the purposes of European war.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

It seems to us that the level of deliberate eloquence has wonderfully declined in the United States since the deaths of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay followed each other in rapid succession. Americans, we need not say, are especially proud of their oratory, and certainly, if an American and an Englishman were picked by hazard out of a crowd and forced to make a speech about nothing in particular on the spur of the moment, the chances are a great many to one that the American would acquit himself fairly, and the Englishman break down in his first sentence. Englishmen are in fact not taught to speak at all. The best schools of oratory in the country are the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge, and even they are frequented by a small minority of undergraduates, and never pretend for a moment to compete with other fields of distinction in our Universities. An American boy, however, learns to speak almost as soon as he learns to read. He plays at oratory, and works at oratory through his whole period of education, and we have heard that no prize at the American colleges is half so much envied as the conventional preeminence accorded to proficiency in speaking. It is probably to this training that mature American orators owe their peculiarities, for their faults are decidedly those of schoolboys on a very exaggerated scale. The height at which the language keeps steadily above the thought, the weakness and length of the metaphors, the confusion between the ornaments proper to poetry and the ornaments proper to prose, the emphasis and extravagance of praise and blame, are precisely the blemishes which every schoolmaster finds in nine out of ten of the themes sent up by his cleverest scholars. Facility and fluency are dearly purchased by American speakers at the expense of a perpetual liability to lapse from good taste, sound sense, and sobriety of expression: and if the sensibility which rebels against being bored is not quite extinct across the Atlantic, we should imagine that the best part of the American public would not be sorry to exchange its wealth in ready speaking for the comparative penury of eloquence which distinguishes this country.—*London Saturday Review.*

'Honest Abe.'

'An Abecedarian' writes us to know whether the real name of the Republican candidate for the Presidency is 'Abe,' 'Abram,' 'Abraham,' Isaac, or Jacob. We have consulted the best authorities within our reach, and are unable to procure any light upon the subject. All that we can find out about Mr. Lincoln, is that he is sixteen feet high, and fifty-one years long; that he is as thin and angular as a split rail; that he was born a Hoosier, but finally became a Sucker; that he has been in turn a farm-laborer, a top-sawyer, a flat-boatman, a counter-jumper, a militia captain, a lawyer, a Presbyterian, and a politician; that he beat Douglas over the left in Illinois, and drove him into the U. S. Senate; that his favorite motto is, 'two shillings are better than one'; and that he is spotless in everything but his linen.

* The Champion of the Wedding-Ring.

Horace Greeley. (See his nuptial correspondence with Robert Dale Owen.)

Sanguinary.

Immediately after the nomination of 'Honest Abe,' about a dozen of the leading publishers in the country offered, each, a large reward for his Life.

The Leaning Tower of New York.

The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction received a communication from the Superintendent of Blackwell's Island, on Thursday, to the effect that he had examined the Southeast staircase tower of the building occupied by females, and found that it leaned 7½ inches West and South. He considered it unsafe, and recommended that it be taken down and rebuilt. It is supposed that, after awhile, the Superintendent's advice will be followed, and that the result will be a tower that will at least have the decency not to imitate our Northern politicans and lean both South and West at the same time. Meanwhile, the inmates of the leaning tower are recommended to incline as much as possible toward the North and East, to provide against accidents.

VANITIES FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

THE MYSTERY CLEARED.

Some of the Honorable Do-littles at Washington have been sorely exercised about the rank of the Envoys from Jeddo. Let them read and be comforted. We went in a yacht to see the Ambassadors, while they were knocking about in Chesapeake bay, and we then and there discovered that they were—the whole of them—nothing more than Japanese Waiters!

PLAYED OUT.

Tom Taylor's new piece, 'The Overland Route,' now playing at Wallack's, must fail in England. It is a very Fair Play.

MOTTO FOR THE OPPONENTS OF THE 'TWO-SHILLING CANDIDATE.'

No Quarter!

YOU CAN'T COME IT.

The only things that England has ever been able to import from Japan, have been the little clay gods, proving that in the endeavor to establish a commerce with that country, all hef efforts have been Idol.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is reported, in reading circles, that the Hon. Edward Everett will not continue his 'Mount Vernon Papers,' but that about the time of the Presidential election, in November next, he will get out a new series, entitled 'Walking Papers.'

WHAT THE DRAMATIC ARTIST IS EXPECTED TO DO.

Draw Good Houses.

GENUINE COOL-IES.

Esquimaux.

REMARK OF MR. LELAND ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Shall I not take my Japan-ease in mine inn?

CHANGING ABOUT.

We all know the old British boast: Britannia rules the wave; but taking into consideration the refusal of the referees to award the Belt to Heenan, it must in future read, at least in connection with the P. R., Britannia Waives the Rule.

A FAVORED INDIVIDUAL.

The Virginian, since his functions are all Dual.

MR. EVERETT'S CAMPAIGN MOTTO.

'Hang out your Bonners,' &c! (Shaks: *Improved*)

A TRUE WORD IN JEST.

From the advices of the past few months, we judge that all political movements in Mexico are decidedly Revolting.

HAVE THEY STEPPED OUT?

We have heard a great deal about the Fair Women of England from books, poetry, 'and sich,' but just at present it would please us infinitely more to hear of its Fair Men.

PHILOLOGICAL.

The term 'Greeks' being so often applied to the Irish, has been the cause of much speculation as to what relation exists between Ireland and Greece. Nothing, however, is plainer, when we consider that the former has always been known as a 'Sweet Ile.'

DIED IN THE WOOL.

Mutton.

A THORN FOR THE ROSE.

At the late Woman's Rights Convention, an argument, decidedly couleur de Rose, was advanced to prove that the 'oppressed sex' (this is probably an allusion to the female element of our population) had the right of taking part in elections and of serving on juries. Perhaps Mrs. Ernestine L. forgot that jurors are compelled to sit for hours, and sometimes days together, without speaking a word!

THE BARD OF AVON ON THE PRESENT EXCITEMENT.

Japanese the Only Ware.

MOTS FROM 'MOMUS.'

JAPAN WAITERS.

The New York Aldermanic Reception Committee at Washington.

A REASON FOR THE FUTURE ANNEXATION OF JAPAN.

Because we cannot laquer (lack her).

A MODEST IRISHMAN.

Mr. Gustavus Geary, the great Irish vocalist, who has come over here to sing Irish melodies to us, calls himself modestly, the 'lay Vicar of Christ church, Dublin.' He may be all of that, for all we know; but we should say, after hearing him, that he might call himself with greater propriety the Vicar of Bray.

MOTTO FOR OLD ADAMS.

Bear and forbear.

AN EVASION OF THE LAW.

'Mose' at the Academy is called the 'New Mose,' simply because Chanfrau's claim to the old 'Mose' is copyrighted.

A RUMSELLER'S OPINION OF THE NEW TIME BALL ON THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

A drop at noon is a very good thing.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

A matter of dollars and sense.

— Mr. R. M. DeWitt has published in a neat pamphlet, Divorce—being a Correspondence between Horace Greely and Robert Dale Owen, originally published in the *New York Tribune*.

[From Vanity Fair.]

ABRAHAM.

From a very early period of time, a sacred and mournful atmosphere has clung about the name of Abraham. It is no common appellation. Mothers do not profanely bestow it. Children do not cry for it. The unfortunate who are elected to bear it are not frequently observed laying round loose in the world or the streets thereof. They are distinct and stately persons, and dwell for the most part on separate and painful peaks. They have always been distinguished—these Abrahams—for numberless eccentric qualities. The first of 'em was a sacrificial person, with carnivorous attributes. His memory is dear to the wandering Jews, and (for these are degenerate days) his name is apt to be dear to the clients of the aforesaid. There is always a tendency to make sacrifices (human or otherwise) in the nature of the Abraham. It is hereditary tenderness. There was a distinguished Abraham over in England at one time—about two hundred years ago. Cowley was his other name. A very original writer has said (and it was truly a very original thing to say) that he 'was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times.' He wrote verses. He was the author of that festive injunction.

'Fill the bowl with rosy wine!'

But he too made a sacrifice—of himself. The Abraham can never go back on his race. It is mournful to think of—but this rhythmical person actually did put his trust in princes' favor, and got a burnt offering made of himself accordingly. 'Loyalty looked for its reward,' say his pathetic biographer, 'but the cup of joy was dashed with disappointent.' So always this world goes with the Abrahams. One would think that experience might correct the delusions of a race. But it won't. An Abraham is extant even in our day and in our nation—and he also wants to make a sacrifice. Odd, isn't it, how the fatality trails along! Sad too; sad enough to agitate palpitating heart-strings and thrill the vibrant lyre. Ecce signum!

Three Abrams, in three distant ages born,
Did Israel, England, Illinois adorn.
The first in aspiration quite surpassed,
The next in mournful luck; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the other two.

[— An Anthropological Society has just been found in Paris by Brown-Séquard, Badlard, Broca, Follin, Verneuil, and other eminent physiologists.

BOOKS, ETC.

REMOVAL.

D. Appleton & Company
HAVE REMOVED
Their Entire Business, Wholesale and Retail,
To their New Store,
Nos. 443 and 445 BROADWAY,
Above Howard street (West side.)

THEY PUBLISH THIS WEEK:

Bertha Perry; Or, L'Esperance.
By MARIANNE FIELD.
1 vol, 12mo. Cloth.....Price $1 25.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"This is a story of heart experiences, thrown into the form of a diary, and in familiar style, unfolding the narrative of a life. The romance is absorbing, the language uniformly beautiful, frequently dramatic, and the whole worthy of its author, and the promises that have been made respecting it."

From the Boston Transcript.

"This is a religious novel, written in a style of singular earnestness and fervor, and abounding in excellent sentiments and pious reflections."

History of the Republic of the United States of America,
As traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Cotemporaries. By John C. Hamilton.
Volume VI. now ready.....Price $2 50.

From the Providence Journal.

"Mr. Hamilton, in placing this history before the public, is rendering a great service to his country. In no work with which we are acquainted is the origin and formation of the Republic better traced."

From the Chicago Times.

"As a publication containing a vast deal of political information, it has a permanent value."

The Revelation of John,
Its own Interpreter, in virtue of the Double Version in which it is delivered.
By JOHN COWMAN.
1 vol., 12mo. Cloth.....$1.

"If the author succeeds in presenting to the Christian world for its decision the question whether the prophecy of the Revelation be double or not, he will regard his labors as eminently successful. He believes this question will be answered in the affirmative; and its answer in the affirmative will be a matter of no small consequence."—*Extract from Preface.*

A Manual of Church Music.
Containing a Choice Selection of Chants and Metrical Tunes. Designed for use in Public and Private Worship. Compiled by Wm. H. Walter. 1 vol., small 4to. 224 pages. $1.

A Course of Exercises in all Parts of FRENCH SYNTAX.
Methodically arranged after Poitevin's "Syntaxe Française." To which are added Ten Appendices. Designed for the use of Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners. By Frederick T. Winkelmann, A.M., and Ph.D. 1 vol., 12mo, half Roan. $1.

Leaves of Grass,
Published To-Day, Saturday, May 19th.

WALT WHITMAN'S
Leaves of Grass,
COMPLETE.
A Superb Volume. - - Price $1 25.

TO THE PUBLIC.
The strong and electric writings of
Walt Whitman
Are here presented to you by us, in complete form, for the first time. We invite you to read for yourselves, irrespective of the conflicting judgments of the critics.

TO THE TRADE.
We pledge ourselves of the material and execution of this 'Kosmos' Poem, with all the belongings of its type, casting, paper, pressework, ink, binding, &c., that it is a fair specimen of beautiful and honest workmanship, beyond anything of its price ever yet printed, to our knowledge, in the world.

GRATIS.
"Leaves of Grass Imprints," a small brochure, collecting American and European criticisms on the First (1856) and Second (1857) Issues of the "Leaves." This brochure is issued by us as a Circular, for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent free to any who wish it, on application, by mail or otherwise.

SENT BY MAIL.
We send the New and Complete "LEAVES OF GRASS" by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price as above, with 20 cents for postage, always prepaid.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE,
PUBLISHERS,
114 and 116 Washington Street,
Boston, Mass.
For sale by D. W. EVANS & CO., No. 677 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS, ETC.

THE LAST NEW NOVEL.

RUTLEDGE.
One volume.....$1 25.

From the New York Evening Post.

Commonly American novels are very dull, very untrue, and very crude, but

RUTLEDGE

is an EXCEPTION.

It is

ANIMATED, TRUTHFUL, AND FULL OF ORIGINALITY AND THOUGHT.

Both town and country are described with rare power of observation and skill. If we mistake not, this work is

DESTINED TO PRODUCE AN UNUSUAL SENSATION,

and the author may congratulate himself or herself (for we suspect the writer to be a woman) on a most successful beginning of a literary career.

DERBY & JACKSON,
PUBLISHERS,
498 Broadway,.....New York.
Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

Choice, Rare, and Valuable Imported Books,
ANCIENT AND MODERN, FOR LIBRARIES.

J. W. BOUTON & CO., 87 WALKER STREET, invite the attention of all those selecting Books for Libraries, either public or private, to their unique collection, which will be found to embrace not only many of the greatest rarities, but also most complete in every department of literature and human knowledge.

J. W. BOUTON & CO.'s NEW CATALOGUE, No. 9, containing a rare and valuable collection of books on the following subjects viz: History, Biography, Literary Ana, Anecdotes, etc.; History and Antiquities of Ireland, Witchcraft, Astrology, Demonology, etc.; Military Art and History, Illustrated Works, the Fine Arts, etc.; Architecture, Essays and Letters, Chess, Standard Library Authors, etc., will be sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to pay postage.

THE Catholic Publishing House of E. DUNIGAN & BROTHER
(James B. Kirker)
Has removed to 599 BROADWAY, up stairs, where all orders are promptly attended to.

WORCESTER'S
New Quarto Dictionary.

THE GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD.

THE EXECUTIVE PRINTING,
THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS,
THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES,
to conform in Orthography to
WORCESTER'S QUARTO,
as will be seen by the following letters and certificates:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC PRINTING,
Washington, March 14, 1860.

Gentlemen:

I have long been familiar with Worcester's Dictionary, and have been highly gratified at the appearance of the new and beautiful edition of this valuable work. Its vast vocabulary, the skill of its arrangement, accuracy of orthography, precision of definitions, particularly of technical and scientific terms, its general completeness, and its freedom from political or sectarian bias, render it, in my estimation, the most perfect and authoritative expository of the English language. It gives me pleasure to state that it is the standard authority for the public printing.

Very respectfully,
JOHN HEART, Superintendent.

Messrs. Swan, Brewer, and Tileston.

CLERK'S OFFICE, U. S. House of Representatives,
March 15, 1860.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary is the standard work of reference in this office, and the system of orthography therein represented is that adopted in the official records and documents of the House of Representatives of the United States.

J. W. FORNEY,
Clerk of House of Representatives, U. S.

OFFICE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, March 19, 1860.

Dear Sir: The Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester seems to excel all others in the fulness of its vocabulary, in precision and comprehensiveness of definition, and in the extreme nicety of discrimination shown in the treatment of synonymous terms. In orthography it unquestionably represents the prevailing usage of the standard writers both of this country and of England; while, by an ingenious and simple method of notation, and by the respelling of words, when necessary, the proper pronunciation is indicated. No general dictionary has so complete a vocabulary and so exact and satisfactory definitions of terms of art and science.

Such being my opinion of its merits, it gives me pleasure to inform you that with the commencement of a new volume of the *Congressional Globe*, the system of orthography represented in Worcester's Dictionary will take the place of that heretofore used in the publication of the Debates of Congress.

JOS. MATTINGLY,
Foreman *Congressional Globe*.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SENATE, U. S.,
March 26, 1860.

The production of this work has laid a claim to the admiration and gratitude of the American people, which those who have been engaged in laborious researches and application of the mind to literary pursuits can best appreciate; and its successful accomplishment in the form which it bears, is a victory deserving of fame more to be estimated than that which springs from the most successful results of war, this being founded upon human destruction and misery, and that fixing a standard by which the ideas of two of the great nations of the world may be expressed and compared, conciliating and adorning their peaceful intercourse, explaining, illustrating, recording, and handing down to future ages, their literature, history, and all their inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences.

W. HICKEY, Chief Clerk, Senate, U. S.

OFFICE SECRETARY OF THE U. S. SENATE,
March 16, 1860.

Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the committee to admit and control the contingent expenses of the Senate, have manifested their appreciation of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, by directing that the Senate Chamber, and all the committee and office rooms of the Senate be furnished with that work.

I am highly gratified at this additional testimonial of the merits of a book, that in my judgment is decidedly the best work of the kind in the English language.

JOHN C. FITZPATRICK,
Asst. Clerk, office of Secretary of Senate.

U. S. PATENT OFFICE, March 15, 1860.

The new Dictionary of Dr. Worcester combines, in my opinion, more of the requisites of a work of reference than any similar one ever published. The fullness and accuracy of its technical definitions make it of especial value in this office, and this, together with the correctness of its orthography, and its general excellence in definition and in etymology, have made it the standard work of reference in this office.

PHILIP F. THOMAS,
Commissioner.

U. S. PATENT OFFICE, March 16, 1860.

After a minute and careful examination of the Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester, I consider it the best Dictionary of the English language that has yet been published. In the great requisites of a Dictionary, etymology, definitions, and orthography, it commends itself to every American scholar. The synonyms and illustrations are most valuable additions. It must at once be adopted as the standard authority. No library is now complete without it. The fullness and correctness of the technical terms render it invaluable in this office.

WILLIAM E. JULSON,
Librarian, Patent Office.

SWAN, BREWER & TILESTON,
131 Washington Street, Boston.

VANITY FAIR is the last experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contributed many things worthy of 'Punch' on his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages.—N. Y. Evening Post.

VANITY FAIR,
The New Illustrated
Humorous and Satirical Journal,
IS ISSUED REGULARLY ON THURSDAY OF EVERY WEEK,
and is for sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau street, New York.

TERMS:
Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.
TERMS FOR CLUBS:
Five copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for.....$13 00
Ten copies.....23 00
Twenty copies.....40 00
An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of Ten or Twenty Subscribers.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
PUBLISHER FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
113 Nassau st., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,
Since 1823.
No. 694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Since the period in which JONAS CHICKERING established this house 23,500 Pianos have been constructed and finished under his supervision and that of his sons, for the superiority of which

Thirty-Eight Prize Medals

have been awarded them at exhibitions in the United States, being the highest premiums over all competition.

They also received the

Prize Medal

at the World's Fair in London in 1851.

The names of Thalberg, Benedict, and D. Black, need only be referred to, to show of what class the judges upon this occasion were composed.

The attention of the public is specially requested to the new Scales Plain and Overstrung

GRAND & SQUARE PIANOFORTES,

which, for Quality, Strength, and Purity of Tone, Delicacy of Action, and general Style of Finish, are unsurpassed by any Pianos now offered to the public. This fact has been attested to by the leading artists of this country and of Europe.

My Dear Sir:

I can only repeat that which has been said so often by others as well as myself—that I consider the Chickering & Sons' Pianos far beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America.

S. THALBERG.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—I wish to thank you for the use of your Pianofortes, which you have so kindly furnished me for my four Concerts in this city, and to say in this connection that the opinion which I expressed three years ago has been more than confirmed to me by the continued use of them, viz: that for volume and pure quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, they are unequaled. Truly, the reputation of the Chickering Pianos is well deserved. I remain yours, very truly, GUSTAV SATTER.

LAFARGE HOUSE, NEW YORK, May 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—During the tour of Mlle. Maria Piccolomini in the United States, I have necessarily used the various Pianofortes of manufacturers, and therefore believe myself capable of judging of their various merits. I most unhesitatingly give the preference to your Pianofortes for their quality of tone, delicacy of touch, and uniform excellence. F. MUZIO,
Conductor at her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and at the Academy of Music, in New York.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 3, 1859.

My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for the use of the splendid Grand Pianos which I have had at Ullman's Concerts in this city. I think that it is needless to repeat what the whole world knows, viz: that Chickering & Sons' Pianos are unequaled in any respect, and stand preeminent in this country. Nevertheless, if my words can have any weight in this matter, I am very happy to add my testimonial to those of my predecessors. I remain yours truly,
GUSTAV SATTER.

It would be needless to multiply testimonials. It may, however, be satisfactory to our patrons and friends among the public at large, to state that testimonials have been received from all the leading artists who have visited or are now residing in the United States, to the full as determinate and explicit as those above presented. A list of the principal names is here appended:

GOTTSCHALK,	J. N. PYCHOWSKI,
LEOPOLD DE MEYER,	J. BENEDICT,
ALFRED JAELL,	M. STRAKOSCH,
WM. SCHARFENBERG,	JULLIEN,
R. HOFFMAN,	ARTHUR NAPOLEON,
J. BURKE,	R. GOLDBECK,
	MME. LOUISE ABEL.

And many others.

For the Trade—North and South.

A Million and a-half of Envelopes
EVERY WEEK.

Samuel Raynor,
No. 118 William street, - - New York,

Begs leave to call the attention of the "Book Trade" to the Extensive Assortment and Superior Quality of Envelopes manufactured by him.

Having recently enlarged his manufactoring department, he is enabled to make A MILLION AND A-HALF of Envelopes every week, and he will warrant that no other manufacturer can make a better article, or sell cheaper.

His *Self-sealing* Folding Machines, can make as

Perfect Envelopes as De la Rue's in London.

The kinds and styles embracing every desirable variety of quality, size, color, and pattern, from the very lowest price, to the very best quality, and from the very smallest size to the largest size—including Blue and White, Cloth lined, made from English paper.

Envelopes of any size made to order.

Also, Writing Papers—Foolscap, Letter, Bath, Note, and Billet, with Legal Cap, Counting House Cap, and Bill Cap, sold at Mill Prices. All offered on the usual credit, or a discount off for cash.

Samples, with trade list of prices, furnished when requested, and sent by mail, free of postage.

☞ Booksellers and Stationers from all parts of the country are invited to call when in the city, and examine his stock of Envelopes.

SAMUEL RAYNOR,
118 William, near John street, New York.

A Rare Chance.
$2,000. A YOUNG MAN of good business capacity, and with some literary taste, may hear of a chance to purchase half the interest, material, and good will of one of the most successful weekly Republican Papers in the Northwest. The advertiser is withdrawing, owing to ill health, and will sell for the above amount. The best references given and required.
Address W. T., care of ROBERT FARR, Esq.,
Lodi, Bergen Co., N. J.

At Gimbrede's—Card Engraving, Printing, and Copper-plate Printing.

Wedding Card, Envelopes, and Note Paper.

566

566 — At Gimbrede's,—the square paper and square envelope, a decided hit, can be procured only at Gimbrede's. Also, now the fashionable square invitation card and square wedding envelope. — 566

Broadway

Engraving to order, and Steel Plate Printing.

LOUISVILLE ARTESIAN WATER,
CURES ALL DERANGEMENTS OF

THE STOMACH,	THE GLANDS,
THE LIVER,	THE DIGESTION,
THE KIDNEYS,	THE SECRETIONS.

Also, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel.

☞ It stimulates the Appetite, and gives relief to the Stomach and Head after eating or drinking too freely.

S. T. THOMPSON, *Agent,*
618 Broadway (Up-Stairs), New York.

Beebe's Kitchen Ranges.
The most complete cooking apparatus in use. They are durable, economical in the consumption of fuel, and sure bakers. Put up and warranted by
JAMES, FOWLER, KIRTLAND & CO.,
Late James, Beebe & Co., 356 Broadway.

S. D. Tillman's Tonometer.
Or Revolving Musical Scale,
Showing the relative position of all the TRUE and TEMPERED NOTES in the MAJOR and MINOR MODES IN EVERY KEY now known, and recommended and approved by
Messrs. Maurice Strakosch,
Max Maretzek,
C. Anschutz,
Robert Goldbeck,
E. K. Carrington, President of N. Y. Harmonic Society.
I. P. Hance,
Prof. Wilson, and others,
As the most valuable and novel work on the science of Music ever published.
For sale at retail at all Music Stores, and wholesale at
7 Spruce st., New York.

CHAS. H. DEMARAY,
NEWS AND DISTRIBUTING AGENT,
Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street, N. Y.
Distributing Agent SATURDAY PRESS. Dealer in all the Weekly Papers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, etc.
Cards, Circulars, etc., distributed at reasonable rates per thousand. Books, Papers, etc., left on sale, or otherwise, at all News Stands and Stores in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and New York, at the lowest rates for cash.
Goods of all sorts, from a Sewing Machine to a package of Matches, purchased at manufacturers' prices, and shipped as per order. List of references furnished.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,
APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,
606 Broadway,
(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOW OPEN.
National Academy of Design.
The Thirty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, consisting of ORIGINAL WORKS, by living artists, never before exhibited, is now open for the season at the Galleries, in Tenth street, near Broadway. Season Tickets, 50 cents; Single Admission, 25 cents.
T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Corresponding Sec'y, N. A.

AMERICAN WATCHES
MADE BY THE
American Watch Company,
AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials in favor of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory timepieces ever offered to the public.

N. B. We have just introduced a *new style of* Watch, elaborately finished, and thinner than any we have hitherto produced, with several improvements calculated to insure the greatest accuracy of performance, and to prevent the usual accidents and derangements to which foreign watches are liable.

"The country has reason to be proud of this splendid specimen of American operative genius and enterprise. That it will work a revolution in the watch manufacturing of the world no one can doubt."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Within the last few months we have carried one of the time keepers made by the 'American Watch Company,' a plain, substantial piece of mechanism, that runs with a certainty, that keeps pace with the sun. We have at last found a watch that we can rely upon; in short, it is one of the best timepieces ever made."—*Spirit of the Times.*

"From personal experience and information of others we are convinced that these watches have proved themselves to be the most uniformly economical and reliable of timekeepers."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"Our impression is, that this marked innovation of Yankee ingenuity upon the cheap labor of Geneva, and other parts of Europe, will eventually result in the entire destruction of their export trade."—*Scientific American.*

"Mr. Palack, the General watchmaker, recently paid a high compliment to the American Watch Company, by saying that their system atizing and inventing would soon overcome the difference in the price of labor, and American watch making would prove a success in every respect."—*Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.*

"THE AMERICAN TIMING WATCH.—As an ordinary timekeeper it is perfect. I have tried it for timing races, with imported watches, and find it inferior to none. When it is generally known that my watch cost but $30, and that similar work, put in an elegant gold double case can be purchased for $100, the demand for them will be very great."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

"The difference between the imported and the American watch is that the former owes its success to faith, and the latter to good works."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

OFFICE of the *Tribune*,
NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1859.

American Watch Company, Waltham:

Gentlemen: Having carried one of your watches for the last eighteen months, I can say confidently that they will do, and may be bought with assurance that they will keep time. I believe the watch unsurpassed. HORACE GREELEY.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watch Maker:

BOSTON, April 20, 1860.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treasurer, etc.

Dear Sir: Since my note to you of September, 1859, I have sold a number of your Company's watches, and hear good reports from them without exception. They give me no trouble, and my customers every satisfaction. Recently a shipmaster to whom I sold one last year, called to say, that his Chronometer having broken down at sea, he navigated his vessel safely home by his Waltham watch. Yours truly, GEO. E. PORTER.

BOSTON, April, 1860.

Sirs—Your watches give better satisfaction than any English watches we sell. Their correct performance, reliability, and moderate price, have caused an increased demand.
Very respectfully yours, CUSHING & THOTT.

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1859.

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to report the following remarkable performance of the watch purchased of you. From Feb. 19, 1859, to this time, it has remained at from seven to nine seconds fast. Yours truly, JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

CAUTION—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuiness, bearing the number of the watch, and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co. Upon application, a pamphlet, descriptive of the watches, and containing abundant testimonials of their superiority over any others in the market, will be sent to any address.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treasurer.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
AGENTS, NEW YORK.
Appleton, Tracy & Co., Agents,
103 Washington St., Boston.

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 96 Bowery,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
HOSIERY, UNDER-GARMENTS,
—AND—
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Invite attention to their extensive assortment, embracing every variety of *Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen,* and *Children.*
Under-Garments and Hosiery, of every size and quality, made to order.
DRESS SHIRTS—A large assortment on hand, or made to order at short notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed.
Gymnastic Suits, and Theatrical Hosiery and Tights—a great assortment on hand—and any size and quality made to order.
☞ *Goods exchanged, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.*
☞ ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1822 ☜
**A. RANKI

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

horrible design of betraying you, I could have already more than once accomplished it."

Hearing these words, the priest came from his concealment and appeared in the middle of the room.

"I cannot believe, sir, that you are one of our persecutors. I trust myself to you. What do you wish with me?"

The lofty confidence of the priest, the nobleness his face expressed, would have disarmed even an assassin. The mysterious person who had come to animate this scene of misery and resignation, looked for a moment at the group formed by these three beings; then in a tone of confidence he addressed the priest thus: "My father I come to ask you to celebrate a mass for the repose of the soul—of one—of a consecrated person, whose body will never repose in consecrated ground."

The priest shuddered involuntarily. The two nuns, not yet understanding of whom the unknown man spoke, remained with their necks extended and their faces turned towards the two speakers, in an attitude of curiosity. The ecclesiastic examined the stranger; an anxiety which could not be mistaken was impressed upon his face, and his looks expressed his earnest supplications.

"Well," said the priest, "this evening at midnight, come, and I will be ready to celebrate the only funeral service which we can offer in expiation of the crime you speak of."

The stranger started, but a satisfaction at once sweet and sad seemed to triumph over his secret grief. After respectfully saluting the priest and the nuns, he went out, expressing a sort of silent gratitude which was understood by these three generous souls. About two hours after this, the unknown man returned, rapped discreetly at the garret door, and was admitted by Miss Beaucaut, who led him into the second room of this modest retreat, where everything had been prepared for the ceremony.

In front of the chimney, the two nuns had placed the commode, the old-fashioned outlines of which were covered by a magnificent altar-cloth of green watered-silk. A large crucifix of ebony and ivory, fastened to the yellow wall, contrasted with the nakedness of the room, and attracted attention. Four small candles which the sisters had managed to fasten upon the improvised altar with sealing-wax, shed a pale light, which was poorly reflected by the wall. This feeble light hardly illumined the rest of the room; but by shining only upon the sacred objects, it resembled a ray from heaven falling upon this unornamented altar. The floor was damp. The roof which inclined towards upon each side as is usual in garrets, had a few holes in it through which came a freezing wind. Nothing could be less pompous, and yet nothing could be more solemn than this sad ceremony. A profound silence, which would have allowed the slightest noise from the road to Germany to be heard, gave a sombre majesty to this nocturnal scene. The grandeur of the action so contrasted with the poverty of the means, as to cause a feeling of religious fear. The nuns upon each side of the altar, kneeling upon the bare floor, regardless of its dampness, prayed in unison with the priest, who, dressed in his priestly robes, held a cup of gold ornamented with precious stones, a sacred vase—saved, doubtless, from the pillage of the Abbey of Chelles. Near this cup, an evidence of royal magnificence, the water and wine destined for the holy sacrament were contained in two glasses hardly worthy of the meanest drinking-shop. Having no missal, the priest had placed his breviary upon a corner of the altar. A common plate was ready for the washing of the hands so innocent and free from blood. All about the ceremony was at the same time immense but small; poor but noble; profane but holy. The unknown man advanced and knelt piously between the two nuns. But when he saw a piece of crape upon the cup, for having no way to announce the meaning of this funeral-mass, the priest had put the sacrament itself in mourning, he was seized with so strong a recollection, that large drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead. The four silent actors in this scene looked at each other mysteriously; then their souls, acting upon each other, communicated their feelings, and mingled together in a common sentiment of religious pity; it seemed as though their thoughts had evoked the martyr whose remains had been consumed by quick-lime, and that his spirit stood before them in all its royal majesty. They celebrated an obit without the body of the deceased. Under these disjointed tiles, four Christians interceded with God for a King of France, and attended his funeral without his coffin. It was an act of the purest devotion; an astounding deed of fidelity, done without any selfish motive. To the eyes of God, it was doubtless like the cup of cold water, which balances the greatest virtues. The whole sentiment of monarchy was there in the prayers of a priest and two poor nuns; and perhaps the revulsion was represented by this man, whose face betrayed too much remorse not to justify the opinion, that he accomplished the vows of an immense repentance.

Instead of pronouncing the Latin words Introibo ad altare Dei, etc., the priest by a divine inspiration, looked at the three mourners who represented Christian France, and to efface the poverty of this mean room, said "We are about to enter the sanctuary of God!"

At these words, pronounced with penetrating unction, a holy fear possessed the mourner and the two nuns. Under the vaulted roof of Saint Peters at Rome, God could not have appeared more majestic than He did in this asylum of poverty, to the eyes of these Christians: so true is it that between Him and man, all mediation seems useless, and that His grandeur comes only from himself. The fervor of the unknown man was genuine. Therefore the sentiment which united the prayers of these four servants of God and the King, was shared equally by them all. The sacred words broke in upon the silence like celestial music. When the Pater-noster was pronounced, the unknown man shed tears. The priest added this prayer, in Latin, which was doubtless understood by the stranger: Et remitte scelus regicidii sicut Ludovicus eis remisit scmetipse (and pardon the regicides as Louis XVI. himself has pardoned them).

The two nuns saw large tears coursing down the manly cheeks of the unknown man, and falling upon the floor. The service for the dead was recited. The Domine salvum fac regem, chanted in a low tone, touched these faithful royalists, who thought that the youthful king, for whom they prayed to the Most High, was a captive in the hands of his enemies. The unknown man shuddered at the thought that perhaps another crime might be committed in which he would be forced to participate. When the funeral service was ended, the priest motioned to the two nuns who retired. As soon as he found himself alone with the stranger, he advanced towards him with a gentle and sad expression, and said to him in a fatherly voice, "My son, if you have stained your hands with the blood of the martyr-king, confess yourself to me. There is no fault which to the eyes of God, cannot be expiated by a repentance as touching and as sincere as yours appears to be."

At the first words spoken by the priest, the stranger involuntarily allowed a motion of terror to escape him; but he resumed his calm expression, and looked at the astonished priest with assurance. "My father," he said in an altered voice, "no one is more innocent of the blood there shed than I am."

"I must believe you," said the priest.

He paused and looked again at his penitent; then persisting in supposing him to be one of the timid members of the convention who delivered up a consecrated and inviolable head in order to save his own, he resumed in a grave voice: "Remember, my son, that to be absolved from this great crime, it is not enough to have not assisted in it. Those who could have defended the king, and left their swords remaining in their scabbards, will have a heavy account to settle with the King of kings. O, yes," added the old priest shaking his head expressively, "yes, a very heavy one!—for by remaining passive, they became involuntary accomplices in that fearful offence——"

"Do you think," said the astounded stranger, "that an indirect participation will be punished? The soldier who was ordered to stand on guard, is he culpable?"

The priest was uncertain. Happy at the embarrassment in which he had placed this puritan of royalty, by setting him between the doctrine of the passive obedience, which according to the partisans of monarchy should govern military codes, and the equally important doctrine which consecrates the respect due to the person of the king, the stranger hastened to find in the hesitation of the priest a favorable solution of the doubts by which he had seemed tormented. Then, in order to give the venerable jansenist no time to reflect, he said, "I would blush to offer you any pay for the funeral service which you have just performed for the repose of the king's soul, and the acquittal of my conscience. An inestimable service can be paid only by an offering which is also without price. Accept then, sir, the present I make you of a holy relic. The day will come, perhaps, when you will understand its value."

Saying these words the stranger handed the priest a small and very light box.

The priest took it involuntarily, for the solemnity of this man's words, the tone in which he said them, the respect with which he held the box, had greatly surprised him. They returned to the room in which the two nuns were waiting for them.

"You are," said the unknown man, "in a house, the proprietor of which, Marcus Scaevola, the plasterer, who lives on the first story, is celebrated in the section for his patriotism, but is secretly attached to the Bourbons. Formerly he was a jockey for Prince Conti, and owes his fortune to him. By not going away from here, you are safer than anywhere else in France. Remain here. Pious souls will watch over your wants, and you can wait without danger for less evil times. In a year, on the 21st of January (saying this he could not hide an involuntary movement), if you retain this sad place for an asylum, I will come again and celebrate with you the mass of expiation——"

He did not finish. He bowed to the mute inhabitants of the garret, cast a last glance at the evidences of their poverty, and disappeared.

For the two innocent nuns, such an adventure had all the interest of a romance; therefore, when the venerable Abbot told them of the mysterious present, so solemnly given by this man, the box was placed by them upon the table, and the three uneasy faces, feebly lighted by the candle, betrayed an indescribable curiosity. Miss Langeais opened the box, and found in it a very fine cambric handkerchief soiled with perspiration; on opening it they found stains upon it.

"It is blood!" said the priest.

"It is marked with the royal crown," cried the other sister.

The two nuns let the precious relic fall with horror. The mystery which enveloped the stranger became inexplicable for these simple natures, and the priest from that day did not try to explain it to himself.

The three prisoners soon saw that despite the terror, a powerful hand was extended over them. From that time they received wood and provisions; then the two nuns conjectured that a woman was associated with their protector, for they received under-clothes and garments which enabled them to go out without attracting attention by the aristocratic cut of the garments they had been forced to save; finally Marcius Scaevola gave them civic tickets. Often advice necessary for the safety of the priest came to him through indirect means; and he saw by the timely notice of these counsels that they could not be given except by a person whose position enabled him to become acquainted with the secrets of the State. Notwithstanding the famine which weighed upon Paris, these proscribed persons found at the door of their garret supplies of white bread, which were brought there regularly by invisible hands; yet they thought they recognized in Marcius Scaevoli, the mysterious agent of this benevolence, which was always as ingenious as it was intelligent. The noble residents of the garret could not doubt that their protector was the person who had come to celebrate the mass on the night of January 22, 1793; therefore he became to them the object of a worship peculiar to those three persons, who lived and hoped only through him. For him they added special supplications to their prayers; morning and evening their pious souls made wishes for his happiness, for his prosperity, his safety; they prayed God to remove all dangers from him, to deliver him from his enemies, and to grant him a long and peaceful life. Their gratitude being, so to speak, renewed every day, was necessarily allied to a curiosity which day by day increased in strength. The circumstances which had accompanied the appearance of the stranger were the theme of their conversations; they formed a thousand conjectures about him, and the interest he created for them was a new benefit. They promised themselves not to allow the stranger to escape from their friendship the evening when, according to his promise, he should return to celebrate the sad anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. This night so impatiently waited for, at length arrived. At midnight the heavy steps of the unknown man resounded upon the old, wooden stairs. The room had been fitted up to receive him, the altar was decorated. This time the sisters opened the door in advance, and both hastened to light the staircase. Miss Langeais even descended a few steps in order to see her benefactor the sooner.

"Come," she said in an affectionate voice, "come, we are waiting for you."

The man raised his head, cast a sombre glance at the nun, and did not answer; she felt as though a garment of ice had fallen upon her, and kept silence; at his aspect, gratitude and curiosity die dwithin them. He was perhaps less cold, less taciturn, less terrible than he appeared to these persons whom exaltation had predisposed to friendship. The three poor prisoners who comprehended that this man wished to remain a stranger to them, resigned themselves. The priest thought he saw upon the lips of the unknown man a quickly suppressed smile at the sight of the preparations they had made for him; he heard the mass, and prayers; but he disappeared after answering, by a few words of polite refusal, the invitation made to him by Miss Langeais, to partake of a small collation they had prepared.

After the ninth of Thermidor, the nuns and the priest Marolles, could go about in Paris without danger. The first expedition of the old priest was to a perfumery shop, with the sign of the Queen of Flowers, kept by citizen and citizeness Ragou, formerly perfumers to the Court, who had remained faithful to the royal family, and through whom the Vendeans used to correspond with the princes and royalist committee of Paris. The Abbot, dressed as the times required, was standing at the door of this shop, situated between Saint Roche and Frondeurs street, when a crowd, which filled Saint Honoré street, prevented him from going out.

"What is it?" he asked Madame Ragou. "Nothing," she replied, "it is the cart and the executioner who are going to Louis XV. place. Ah! we saw it very often last year; but now, four days after the anniversary of January 21st, we can look at this frightful array without mortification." "Why!" asked the Abbot, "what you say is not Christian." "Eh! it is the execution of the accomplices of Robespierre; they defended themselves as well as they could; but now in their turn they go where they have sent so many innocent persons." The crowd that filled Saint Honoré street, passed like a wave. Above the heads the Abbot Marolles, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, saw seated upon the cart him who three days before had listened to his mass.

"Who is he?" he asked. "He who—"

"It is the Jack Ketch," answered Mr. Ragou.

"My friend! my friend!" cried Madame Ragou. "The Abbot is dying!"

The old lady took a bottle of vinegar to revive the fainting Abbot. "He doubtless has given me the handkerchief with which the king wiped his forehead, as he went to his martyrdom. Poor man—the knife of steel had a heart when all France wanted one."

The perfumers thought that the Abbot was delirious.

Paris, January, 1831.

[From the New York Mercury.]

JAPAN-WARE.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Shut up almost since the world began,
Like wonderful beasts in a caravan,
Those copper-faced types of the race of man,
Who dwell in the islands of far Japan,
Have roused themselves from their sulky pet—
Resolved, like the dwarf in 'The House to Let,'
To go into good society.
A squad of their nobs, in their Sunday clothes,
With a lacquery look, but not lachrymose,
In satin blouses, with each a 'tile,'
Got up in the latest tea-board style,
Have crossed the ocean to make us stare—
To freshen their lungs with our Yankee air,
Their souls with our Yankee piety.

'Tis a curious fact, which I may not quash,
That these queer Japanners swear by 'Josh,'
Like regular-built down-Easters;
And hence, if our archæologic men
Would search the records, 'tis five to ten,
They'd find in the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock,
A shoot of the old celestial stock;
And that though the Yankees are whiter now,
Both are descendants from Adam's vrow,
And, therefore, brothers and sisters.

The skin to a milk-and-molasses hue
Might have changed, and their eyes got turned askew,
In the many changes the word's gone through,
Since the date of the Deluge grand ebb;
And perhaps in the botheration of tongues—
The general confusion of lips and lungs—
The Yankee phrase, as it still remains,
May have fixed itself in Japan-folk's brains,
Ere East from Babel they took their way—
Which stood—so its name would seem to say—
On the straights of Babel-Mandeb!

To return from ancient to modern times,
And the subject of these mellifluous rhymes—
Our yellow friends and their visit:
Gorgeous to see are their tunics fine,
Funnily twinkle their eyes porcine,
Long and clean are their shapely nails,
And, as to their beautiful plaited tails,
They're as long as the tales the people seek
In sensation-papers from week to week;
While their whole ensemble 's as pleasant quite,
As that of that son of a troglodyte—
The most marvellous 'What is It?'

They eat not with Christian knife and fork,
But with chop-sticks lay in their beans and pork;
Of 'broidered banners they sport a few,
And peacocks' feathers they're death on, too.
Their trousers resemble two towns in France,
Of which the reader has heard, perchance;
And a brace of swords each wears at his side,
To be handy in case of suicide;
For when insulted, they never think
The fellow that raises their ire to pink;
But thrust themselves—so say those who've seen 'em—
Through the abdomen, or the duodenum.

That our saffron friends from the 'Flowery Land'
Our 'flowers of speech' do not understand,
We regard as a special blessing;
Else each might vow by his favorite 'Josh,'
That aldermen's speeches were simply 'bosh;'
And laugh in his sleeve at our great 'slang-whangs,'
Whose 'bunkum' that of the Orient 'langs,'
When illustrious guests addressing.

Let us hope the New York Ya Hoos, to a man,
And the great Hi Hi's—a congenial clan—
Will receive their namesakes from Old Japan
As befits their birth and station;
That they will not insist on twitching their queues,
Or on pulling off their embroidered shoes,
Or on spitting into their lacquered hats,
Or on wiping their shoes on their sitting-mats;
Because, if they do, as sure as a gun,
There will be some disemboweling done;
And Japanese ports will close with a snap,
Never to open again, mayhap,
To the courteous Yankee nation.

[From the London Saturday Review, May 12th.]

TOM SAYERS' LETTER TO THE 'TIMES.'

After the fight was over, Tom Sayers took a few days to recruit. He showed himself at the office of *Bell's Life* with his arm bound up, but with few other signs of the tremendous conflict through which he had passed. Of course he was received with all the honor due to his courage and agility, and London showed a very generous sense of the credit which the Champion had done to his country. Sayers then went into the provinces. At Liverpool, especially, he had a real triumph. Liverpool people always do things with great heartiness and abandonment. They rush to the point and relieve their feelings as quickly and decisively as they can. Sayers was welcomed on the Exchange with a fury of enthusiasm; the shipping arranged their flags so as to welcome him; and both on water and land he was treated as a great popular hero ought to be treated—as Lord Nelson would have been treated if he had survived Trafalgar, or as the Duke was treated after Waterloo. An easy stage took Sayers thence to Chester, and, as fortunately the races were going on there, a repetition of the triumphant welcome he had already received not only showed the champion the universality of his fame, but filled his pocket with substantial benefits. When, after he had tasted of all these things, Sayers once more returned to town, he naturally felt very thankful. His heart was moved with all that his countrymen had done for him; so he determined to make a public acknowledgment, and last Sunday he composed and sent a letter to the *Times*, which must have given the greatest pleasure to all who read it. It not only showed the gratitude and good feeling of the hero of the prize-ring, but it proves him to be possessed of great literary power and reading, with a keen interest in his country and in politics, and a keen appreciation of special motives impelling him to virtue and high-mindedness.

It should be remembered that Sayers is an Irishman, and he has an Irishman's turn for an ornate and impressive rhetoric. At the same time, the responsibility of the position he holds, and his long intercourse with England, have given him a solemnity that sits easily and naturally on him. The opening of his letter reveals the man. He writes under the consciousness of having to fulfil a great duty, and his language is adequate and sonorous. 'Sir,' he says, 'the period has arrived when it becomes my duty to thank the great British public.' A common sort of prize-fighter, a mere 'fancy black,' would have said, 'the time is come.' Not so Sayers—he is more equal to the occasion, and says that the 'period has arrived.' He then goes on to refer very gracefully to his recent fight, which, with a reminiscence perhaps of Canning's famous speech, he aptly terms the 'struggle when the New World was pitted against the Old.' He can only say that he 'did the best for the land of his birth and and dearest affections.' He compliments Heenan, but has tact enough to hasten to merge the individual in the nation, and tells us that 'springing from our own race, the Americans inherit our best qualities,' and then breathes a fervent wish that 'every bitterness engendered by the late struggle for the championship may pass away forever.' It is not yet settled, we may remark in passing, where the men are to fight next time. Then he proceeds to pay a proper tribute to the *Times*, and to the excellence of the report in which the incidents of the fight were chronicled. Naturally enough, the epitaph of Johnson on his poor countryman, Goldsmith, passes through his mind. Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit. 'In your description,' says Sayers, 'of that conflict, you drew a picture the like of which the sporting-world never saw before, and another proof in itself that genius can touch nothing which it does not adorn and elevate.' Poor Tom!—it may have flashed across him as he penned this sentence, that what was said of Goldsmith will never be said of him. The writer of his epitaph will indeed have to assert the direct opposite, and say that 'he touched nothing which he did not disfigure.' He has, however had an honor which never fell to Goldsmith's lot—he has been mentioned by the *Times*, and he can proudly say, 'that to live to receive the kindly notice of that journal which makes and unmakes reputations, which cheers the humble dwellings of the poor, and makes tyrants tremble on their gilded thrones, is to have lived for a great and distinguished honor.' Surely the sporting-world will regard these glowing lines as something the like of which it has never seen before, and will feel justly proud of being represented by so classical, so elegant, and so epigrammatic a writer, who watches so closely over the vicissitudes in the fame of public men, and denounces tyranny so sternly. Moved, perhaps, by his own eloquence, Sayers ends by a pathetic allusion to his innermost feelings, and pledges himself henceforth to be worthy of his great calling. 'Upon my own part, and that of my children, I humbly offer you my most grateful thanks, and I trust that no act of mine will be unworthy of one who has received the notice of the *Times* newspaper.'

Probably the common engravings of Sayers do him injustice. We do not read this play of intellect and feeling in his face. His forehead is knobby enough, but does not look poetical, and there is no sign in his eye of the fire that burns within. If, however, these portraits are like him, he only adds another to the examples of men of intellect whose faces have not revealed their powers. No one who looked at the late Lord Macaulay, for example, would have dreamed that there stood before him the cleverest and best-read man in England. And it is as impossible to doubt the great mental gifts of Sayers as it was to doubt those of Lord Macaulay. Directly the great essayist opened his mouth, his audience saw what was in him; and so, directly Sayers takes a pen in his hand, we recognise his superiority. For it must be remembered that, after all, a pugilist is under great disadvantages. It is not easy for a man who starts as a bricklayer, and subsequently spends his whole time in getting his muscles into order, to find the time requisite to bring his style up to so high a level. If Sayers, with all these disadvantages, can write as he does now, what would he not have done if he had led a more purely intellectual life? Sayers is a very remarkable man. Indeed, he seems to us to bear a considerable resemblance to a countryman of his even more eminent, or who at any rate would in his own day have been thought more eminent. At first the comparison may seem fanciful, but a little reflection will show that Sayers has in many points the same turn of mind as Burke. His language has the same studied balance of expression, the same art of clothing common things in great words, the same fault, perhaps, of too much amplitude and ambition. Then Sayers, like Burke, not only feels patriotic, but announces, we will not say obtrudes, his patriotism. Like Burke, Sayers has the keenest sympathy with America. Like Burke, he tinges his thoughts with a classical hue, and works up the epigrams and sharp sayings of other men only to give them a shape of his own. Like Burke, too, he does not scruple to bring his family feelings and interests before the public, and like Burke he lets the world know the good motives that actuate his conduct. Of course, Sayers is only like Burke as a rudimentary is like a finished type: but would Burke have really presented a more finished type if he had been taken straight from the hod to the ring, and kept there until he fought an American twice his own size?

This letter will tend to remove an anxiety that must have lately pressed on many minds. Prize-fighters are great men while they can fight; but what becomes of them when their fighting days are over? It is rather sad that the favorites and heroes of the public should be condemned, after the short period of distinction is over, to a career of mere vulgar, unnoticed, sensual enjoyment, and the struggles of a low public-house. But our apprehensions are soon set aside, if we come to understand what sort of people these prize-fighters really are. Sayers must be a man full of intellectual resources. It is possible that he may not think it beneath him hereafter to preside over a house of entertainment; but if he does, his house ought to be to the London of this century what Button's and Will's were to the London of last century—the calling-house of wits, the gathering-place of poets and connoisseurs. If we may judge from this letter, Sayers will always find abundance of literary occupation. He will occupy himself with the writings of his great countrymen. He will revel in the airy gaiety of Moore and the pungent wit of Swift. He will smile over the *Critic*, and drop a passing tear over the distresses of Dr. Primrose. He will also regard with a watchful eye the fluctations of political fortunes, the despair of tottering tyrants, and the complex phenomena of national catastrophes. Scarcely any picture can be brighter. We only hope that he will never fall short of the standard he has fixed for himself. He has been mentioned in the *Times*, and has vowed to live as a man who has been mentioned in the *Times* ought to live.

We may venture on a word of caution. This is a high and glorious motive of action, but it is one that requires to be kept before the mind with especial pertinacity. There may be moments of reaction and temptation. A man who is stimulated into goodness by notoriety is apt to waver when the notoriety passes away. At present Sayers is very notorious, but how long will this last? If Pullinger was to court an inquiry into his offence, and the management of the Union Bank was shown up, the notoriety of Sayers might become a dream of the past, and Pullinger would receive the mention of the *Times*. Then, again, the dangerous thought might perplex the mind that the specific has been tried on others and has failed. It is not true that all persons who have received the mention of the *Times* have been much benefited. Louis Napoleon, for example, has received every kind of mention in the *Times*, and remains utterly incorrigible. We can fancy that this motive would at times seem flat and faint. If at any time such doubts assail the Champion, we hope that he will bid his memory revert to the past, and will call up the picture of the sweet quiet of that Sunday morning in May, when he sat down in the tranquil purlieus of Oxenden-street, and in the exuberance of feeling and gratitude let the expression of all he thought, and hoped, and vowed, flow off in noble words from his facile pen.

THE OVAL PIANOFORTES,
THE MOST GRACEFUL IN FORM, AND THE
Best-Toned Horizontal Piano in the World.
THE DRIGGS PIANO COMPANY,
By greatly extending their facilities of manufacture and improvements in their machinery, are prepared to receive advance orders for these *GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT INSTRUMENTS*.
The demand has heretofore been far beyond our ability to supply, and, for most of the time during the last year, we have not had an instrument of this peculiar style to exhibit.
This is the original shape of
The Driggs' Patent, or Violin Piano,
and it closely approximates, not only in the principles of its construction, but in its shape, to the Violin—"*the most perfect, because the most responsive instrument, in the world.*"
The case is a vibratory shell, free from all strain of the strings, and the oval shape retains more perfectly the vibratory circles, sustaining the tones with wonderful purity, and making the instrument more responsive and perfect.
Warerooms, 543 Broadway, between Spring and Prince,
S. B. DRIGGS,
Inventor and Patentee.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.
ROBERT M. PATRICK,
SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE ABOVE
CELEBRATED SAFES AND PATENT POWDER-PROOF DEFIANCE LOCKS AND CROSS-BARS.
—ALSO—
Fire and Burglar Proof Side-Board and Parlor Safes, for Silver Plate, etc.
Depot 65 Murray Street, Corner College Place, New York.
Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon street,
NEW YORK

TINTED ENVELOPES.
Every Envelope a Business Card!
These ENVELOPES are *PRINTED IN TINTS*—Illustrated and Ornamented to suit any trade or business. Every man in business should use them. Samples sent on receipt of stamps to pay postage.
S. ORR & CO.,
52 John street (opposite Dutch), New York.

ASTHMA. For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint, use
FENDT'S
Bronchial Cigarettes,
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.
Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.
FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

INSURANCE.
THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital, $150,000.
OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.
This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.
NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1831.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.
DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tuthe,	L. S. Suarez,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICE:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULL'S-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.
CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000
DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.	
Frederick Schuchardt,	James Giodin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt.
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zalzi-kie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Bydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schiefelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.
This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.
DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Falls,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne,	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
Richard Field,	Leonardo S. Suarez,
Irad Hawley,	John Penfold.
Samuel Raynor.	

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,
Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since		1853.
38 " " "		1848.
39½ " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	66,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.
Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.
Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.
JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.
Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000
THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:
FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

	Per ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " " " July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " " " July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,		$370,363 43
" 1857, " " " "		649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "		751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "		965,681 84
" Liabilities,		16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.
FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.
GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

INSURANCE.
THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.
CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000
This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.
DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.	
Joseph B. Varnum,	Paschal W. Turney,
Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Fred. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.,
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l. D. Bradford, Jr.,
James O. Sheldon,	Bowne R. McIlvaine,
Daniel Parish,	Gilbert L. Beekman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Henderson,
Gustavus A. Conover,	Lorrain Freeman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson E. Case,
Charles F. Appleby.	

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.
First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.
This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter
Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.
Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums.
Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.
N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.
C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor
New York, July 1st, 1859.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE
DIRECTORS
JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l. L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Smart,	Robert T. Hawes,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Dayus,	William E. Collis,	Rudolph Standinger,
B. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols.
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	

GEORGE T. HAWES, *Secretary*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange,	11 COURT,
NEW YORK.	Cor. of Remsen street,
	BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL.....$153,000 00
SURPLUS.....107,641 78
ASSETS.....$260,641 78
Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.
WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALDER, ROBERT C. RIEL, } Surveyors.

JAMES A. CLARK,
Merchant Tailor,
NO. 742 BROADWAY,
(SECOND DOOR BELOW ASTOR PLACE.)
NEW YORK.
Your Patronage Solicited.

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.
CERTAIN CURE.
HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe and agreeable. Price 25 cents
HEGEMAN & CO.,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

Cabinet-Makers and Decorators of First Class Furniture
POTTIER & STYMUS'S
(LATE B. E. ROCHEFORTS,)
Warerooms,
No. 623 Broadway, up stairs.
Designs of Cab